

CLASSICS

Illustrated

MACBETH

By William Shakespeare

Featuring Stories by the
World's Greatest Authors

No. 128 15¢



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

MACBETH

WHEN SHALL WE THREE
MEET AGAIN?
IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING,
OR IN RAIN?

WHEN THE HURLYBURLY'S DONE,
WHEN THE BATTLE'S LOST
AND WON.

UPON THE HEATH*
THERE TO MEET
WITH MACBETH.



*Open, uncultivated land

EARLY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, SCOTLAND WAS TORN BY A REBELLION AGAINST DUNCAN, ITS KING.

MACBETH, THE THANE* OF GLAMIS, AND FIRST COUSIN TO THE KING, LED THE LOYAL ARMY INTO BATTLE. DUNCAN AND HIS SONS, MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, WAITED ANXIOUSLY AT THEIR CAMP FOR THE OUTCOME.

*A title of nobility

WHAT BLOODY MAN IS THAT? HE CAN REPORT, AS SEEMETH BY HIS PLIGHT, OF THE REVOLT.

DOUBTFUL IT STOOD, AS TWO SPENT SWIMMERS THAT DO CLING-TOGETHER AND CHOKE THEIR ART.*



*Prevent each other from swimming

THEN THE LOYAL THANE OF ROSS ARRIVED.

BUT ALL'S TOO WEAK, FOR BRAVE MACBETH (WELL HE DESERVES THAT NAME), DISDAINING FORTUNE, WITH HIS BRANDISHED STEEL, CARVED OUT HIS PASSAGE TILL HE FACED THE SLAVE*, AND FIXED HIS HEAD UPON OUR BATTLEMENTS.

O VALIANT COUSIN!

THE VICTORY FELL ON US.

GREAT HAPPINESS!



*An enemy leader

THE KING CONDEMNED THE THANE OF CAWDOR, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE REBELLION, TO DEATH.

NO MORE THAT THANE OF CAWDOR SHALL DECEIVE OUR BOSOM INTEREST. GO PRONOUNCE HIS PRESENT DEATH, AND WITH HIS FORMER TITLE GREET MACBETH. WHAT HE HATH LOST NOBLE MACBETH HATH WON.



ON THE FOGGY FIELDS NEAR DUNCAN'S CAMP,
THE THREE WITCHES MET AGAIN.

FAIR IS FOUL, AND FOUL
IS FAIR.
HOVER THROUGH THE FOG
AND FILTHY AIR.

A DRUM, A DRUM!
MACBETH DOTH COME.



MACBETH AND BANQUO, ANOTHER SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, APPROACHED ON THEIR WAY
TO THE KING.

WHAT ARE THESE, SO WITHERED
AND SO WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE,
THAT LOOK NOT LIKE THE
INHABITANTS O' THE EARTH,
AND YET ARE ON'T?



ALL HAIL, MACBETH!
HAIL TO THEE, THANE
OF GLAMIS!

ALL HAIL, MACBETH!
HAIL TO THEE, THANE
OF CAWDOR!

ALL HAIL,
MACBETH,
THAT SHALT
BE KING
HEREAFTER!



THEN THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS HAILED BANQUO.

LESSER THAN
MACBETH,
AND GREATER.

NOT SO HAPPY, YET
MUCH HAPPIER.

THOU SHALT
GET* KINGS,
THOUGH THOU
BE NONE.



*Be father to

STAY, YOU IMPERFECT
SPEAKERS; TELL ME
MORE. I KNOW I AM
THANE OF GLAMIS;
BUT HOW OF CAWDOR?

THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES,
AS THE WATER HAS, AND
THESE ARE OF THEM.
WHITHER ARE THEY
VANISHED?



AT THAT MOMENT, ROSS ARRIVED.

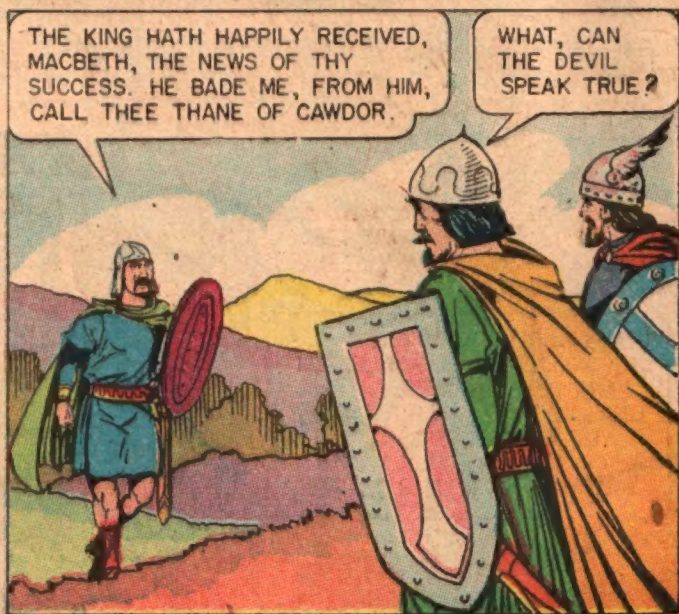
YOU SHALL
BE KING.

AND THANE OF
CAWDOR TOO:
WENT IT
NOT SO?



THE KING HATH HAPPILY RECEIVED,
MACBETH, THE NEWS OF THY
SUCCESS. HE BADE ME, FROM HIM,
CALL THEE THANE OF CAWDOR.

WHAT, CAN
THE DEVIL
SPEAK TRUE?



AT DUNCAN'S CAMP.

IS EXECUTION
DONE ON CAWDOR?

I HAVE SPOKE
WITH ONE THAT
SAW HIM DIE, WHO
DID REPORT THAT HE
SET FORTH A DEEP
REPENTANCE. NOTHING
IN HIS LIFE BECAME HIM
LIKE THE LEAVING IT.

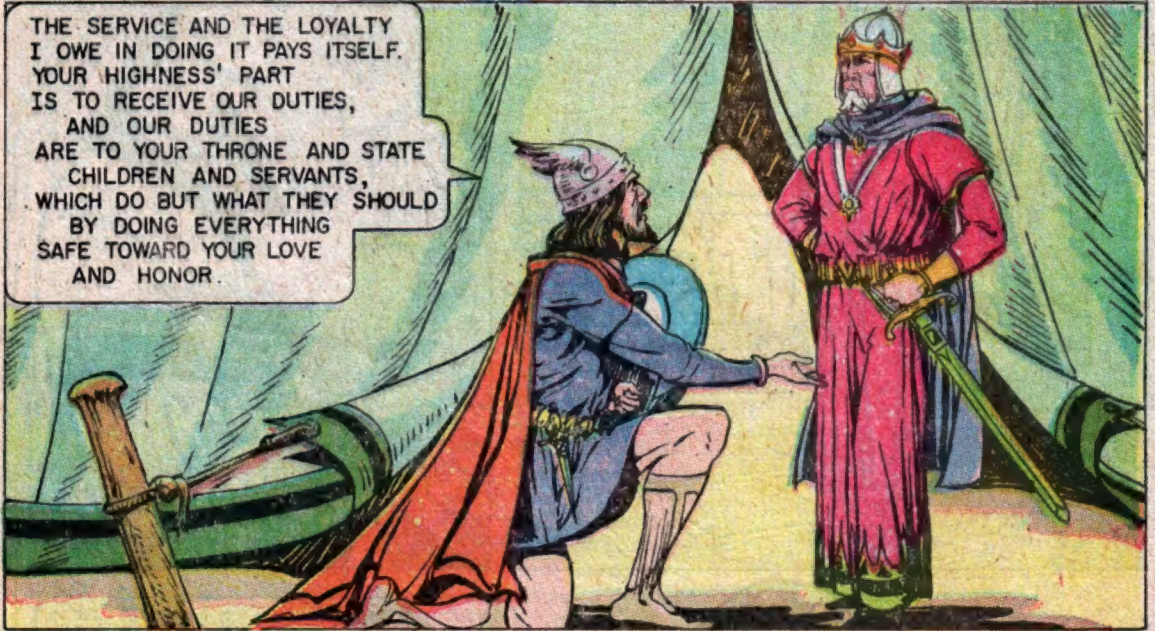


THEN MACBETH ARRIVED.

O WORTHIEST COUSIN,
MORE IS THY DUE
THAN ALL CAN PAY.



THE SERVICE AND THE LOYALTY
I OWE IN DOING IT PAYS ITSELF.
YOUR HIGHNESS' PART
IS TO RECEIVE OUR DUTIES,
AND OUR DUTIES
ARE TO YOUR THRONE AND STATE
CHILDREN AND SERVANTS,
WHICH DO BUT WHAT THEY SHOULD
BY DOING EVERYTHING
SAFE TOWARD YOUR LOVE
AND HONOR.



BUT AS THE KING WELCOMED BANQUO,
MACBETH WAS THINKING OF THE
PREDICTION THAT HE, HIMSELF
WOULD BE KING.

STARS, HIDE YOUR FIRES!
LET NOT LIGHT SEE MY BLACK
AND DEEP DESIRES.
THE EYE WINK AT THE HAND:
YET LET THAT BE
WHICH THE EYE FEARS, WHEN
IT IS DONE, TO SEE.

NOBLE BANQUO, LET ME
HOLD THEE TO MY HEART.

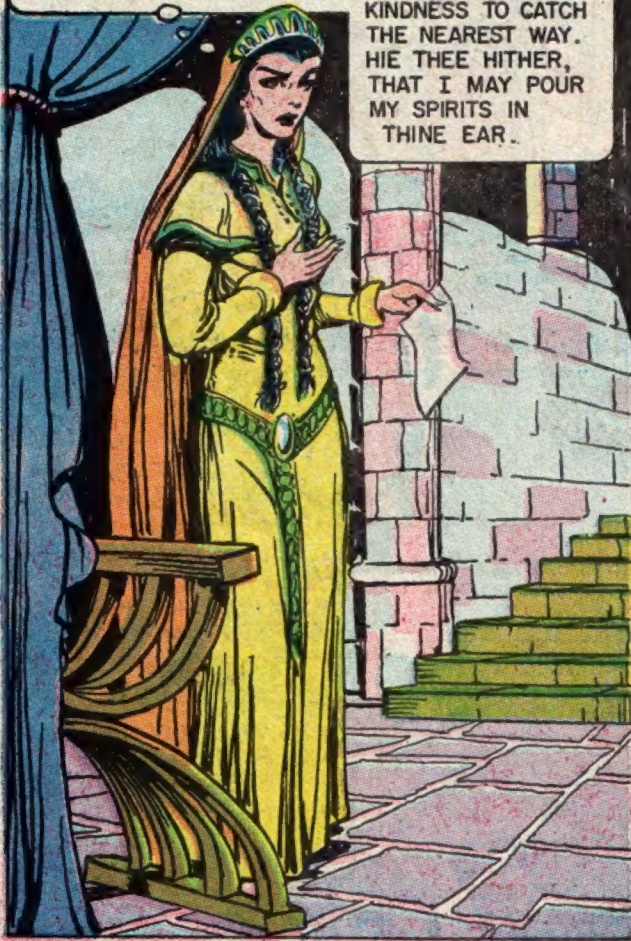


CLASSICS Illustrated

AT INVERNESS, MACBETH'S CASTLE, LADY MACBETH RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HER HUSBAND TELLING HER OF HIS NEW HONORS AND OF THE WITCHES' PROPHECIES. COLD AND CUNNING, LADY MACBETH, LIKE HER HUSBAND, KNEW THAT MACBETH COULD ONLY BE KING IF DUNCAN WERE DEAD.

GLAMIS THOU ART, AND CAWDOR, AND SHALT BE WHAT THOU ART PROMISED. YET DO I FEAR THY NATURE. IT IS TOO FULL O' THE MILK OF HUMAN

KINDNESS TO CATCH THE NEAREST WAY. HIE THEE HITHER, THAT I MAY POUR MY SPIRITS IN THINE EAR.



A MESSENGER THEN ENTERED.

THE KING COMES HERE TO-NIGHT.



THE RAVEN HIMSELF IS HOARSE THAT CROAKS THE FATAL ENTRANCE OF DUNCAN UNDER MY BATTLEMENTS. COME, YOU SPIRITS THAT TEND ON MORTAL THOUGHTS, UNSEX ME HERE AND FILL ME, FROM THE CROWN TO THE TOE, TOP-FULL OF DIREST CRUELTY! COME, THICK NIGHT, AND FALL* THEE IN THE DUNNEST** SMOKE OF HELL, THAT MY KEEN KNIFE SEE NOT THE WOUND IT MAKES, NOR HEAVEN PEEP THROUGH THE BLANKET OF THE DARK TO CRY "HOLD, HOLD!"

*Cover
**Darkest

SOON MACBETH ENTERED.

MY DEAREST LOVE,
DUNCAN COMES HERE
TO-NIGHT.

AND WHEN
GOES HENCE?



TO-MORROW.

O NEVER SHALL
SUN THAT
MORROW SEE!

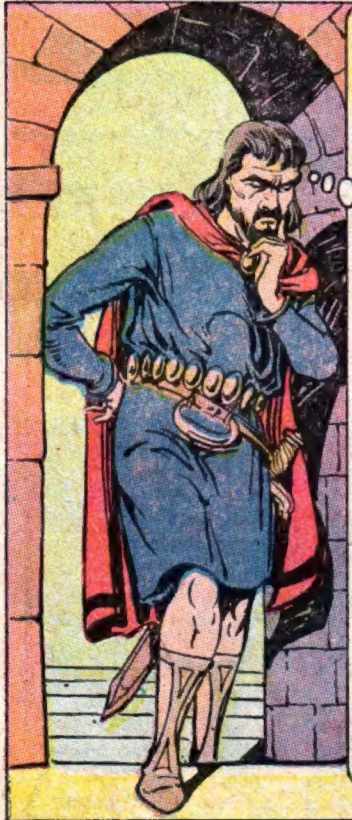


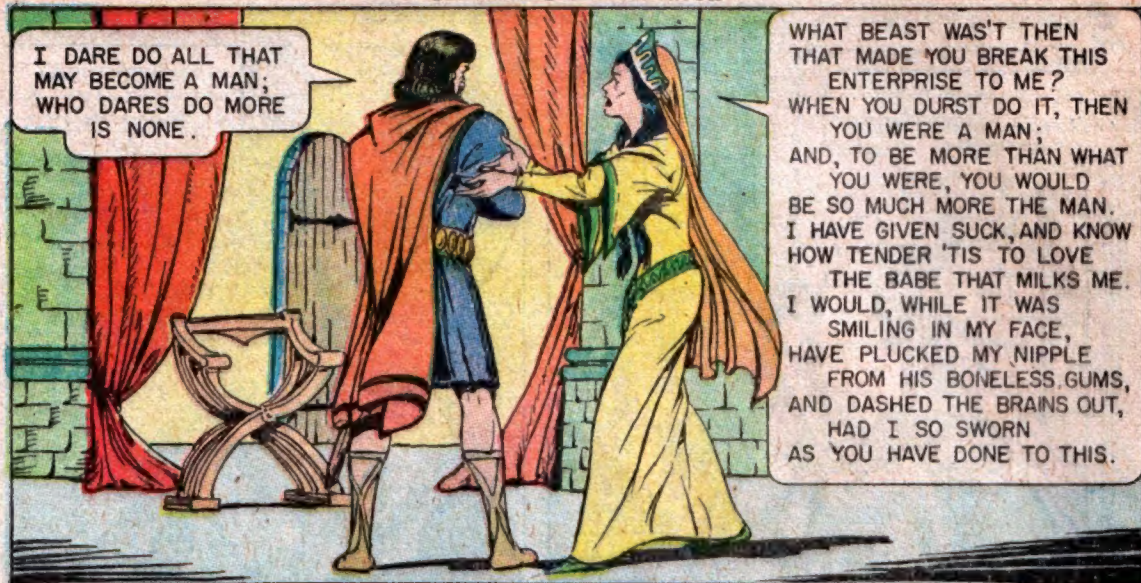
THAT EVENING, DUNCAN ARRIVED AT INVERNESS. WHILE THE KING WAS BEING ENTERTAINED IN ONE ROOM, IN ANOTHER, MACBETH CONSIDERED HIS PLAN TO MURDER HIM.

**HE REACHED A DECISION
AND WHEN LADY MACBETH
ENTERED, HE ANNOUNCED IT.**

HE'S HERE IN DOUBLE TRUST:
FIRST, AS I AM HIS KINSMAN
AND HIS SUBJECT;
THEN, AS HIS HOST,
WHO SHOULD AGAINST HIS
MURDERER SHUT THE DOOR,
NOT BEAR THE KNIFE MYSELF.
BESIDES, THIS DUNCAN
HATH BEEN
SO CLEAR IN HIS GREAT OFFICE,
THAT HIS VIRTUES
WILL PLEAD LIKE ANGELS,
TRUMPET-TONGUED, AGAINST
THE DEEP DAMNATION OF HIS
TAKING-OFF;
AND PITY, LIKE A NAKED
NEW-BORN BABE,
STRIDING THE BLAST, OR
HEAVEN'S CHERUBIN, HORSED
UPON THE SIGHTLESS COURIERS
OF THE AIR,
SHALL BLOW THE HORRID DEED
IN EVERY EYE,
THAT TEARS SHALL DROWN THE
WIND. I HAVE NO SPUR
TO PRICK THE SIDES OF MY
INTENT, BUT ONLY
VAULTING AMBITION, WHICH
O'ERLEAPS ITSELF
AND FALLS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

WE WILL PROCEED
NO FURTHER IN
THIS BUSINESS.





LADY MACBETH'S PLAN CONVINCED MACBETH.

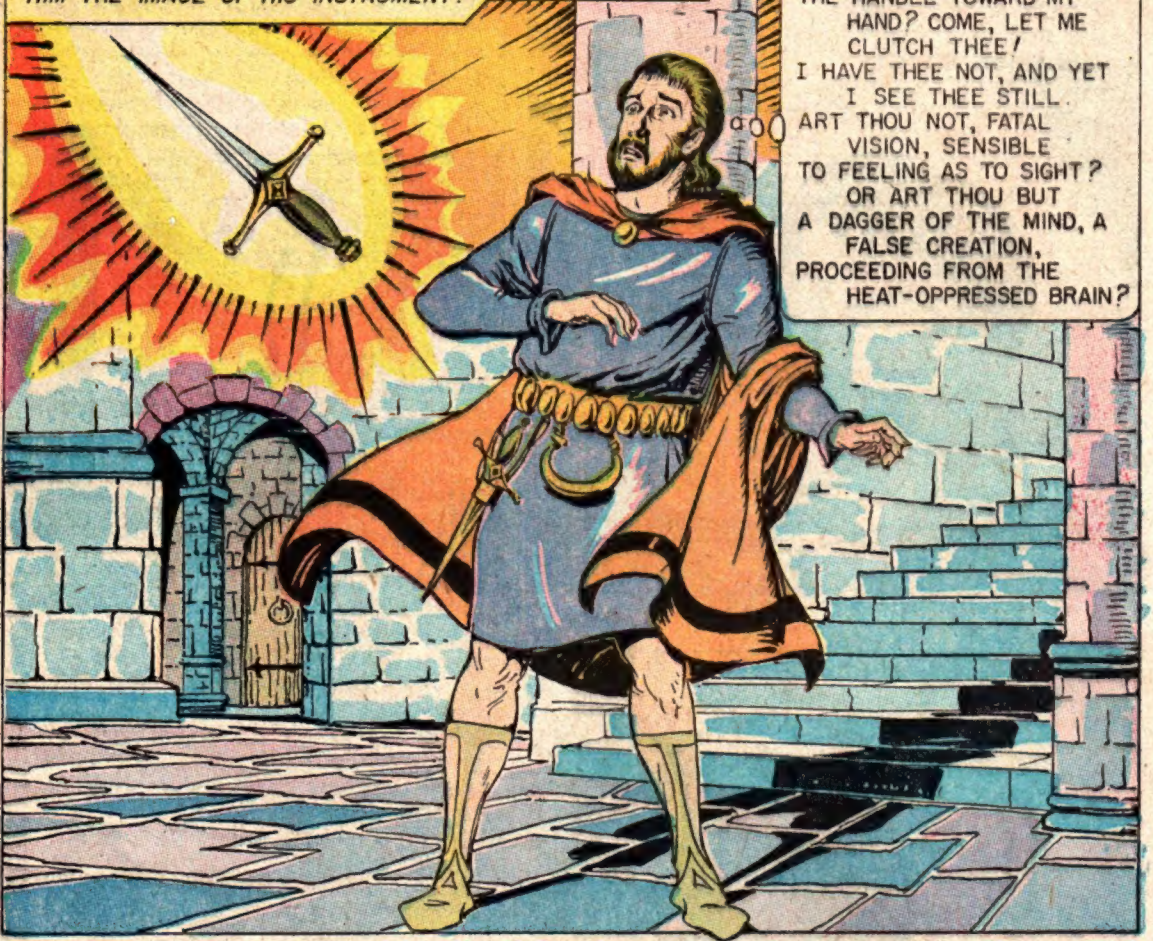
BRING FORTH MEN-CHILDREN ONLY, FOR THY UNDAUNTED METTLE* SHOULD COMPOSE NOTHING BUT MALES. AWAY, AND MOCK THE TIME WITH FAIREST SHOW; FALSE FACE MUST HIDE WHAT THE FALSE HEART DOTH KNOW.

*Substance



LATE THAT NIGHT, WHILE MACBETH AWAITED HIS WIFE'S SIGNAL THAT THE WAY WAS CLEAR, HE SAW BEFORE HIM THE IMAGE OF HIS INSTRUMENT.

IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH
I SEE BEFORE ME,
THE HANDLE TOWARD MY
HAND? COME, LET ME
CLUTCH THEE!
I HAVE THEE NOT, AND YET
I SEE THEE STILL.
ART THOU NOT, FATAL
VISION, SENSIBLE
TO FEELING AS TO SIGHT?
OR ART THOU BUT
A DAGGER OF THE MIND, A
FALSE CREATION,
PROCEEDING FROM THE
HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN?



I SEE THEE YET, IN FORM AS PALPABLE
AS THIS WHICH NOW I DRAW.
THOU MARSHAL'ST* ME THE WAY THAT
I WAS GOING,
AND SUCH AN INSTRUMENT I WAS TO USE.
MINE EYES ARE MADE THE FOOLS O' THE
OTHER SENSES,
OR ELSE WORTH ALL THE REST.
I SEE THEE STILL;
AND ON THY BLADE AND DUDGEON**
GOUTS OF BLOOD,
WHICH WAS NOT SO BEFORE: THERE'S
NO SUCH THING.
IT IS THE BLOODY BUSINESS WHICH
INFORMS
THUS TO MINE EYES.



*Lead

**Wooden hilt

THEN HE HEARD
LADY MACBETH
RING THE SIGNAL
BELL

I GO, AND IT IS DONE
THE BELL INVITES ME.
HEAR IT NOT, DUNCAN,
FOR IT IS A KNELL
THAT SUMMONS THEE TO
HEAVEN, OR TO HELL.



LADY MACBETH WAITED IN THE DARKNESS.

HE IS ABOUT IT: THE DOORS ARE OPEN,
AND THE GROOMS DO MOCK THEIR CHARGE
WITH SNORES. I LAID THEIR DAGGERS
READY; HE COULD NOT MISS 'EM. HAD
HE* NOT RESEMBLED MY FATHER AS HE
SLEPT, I HAD DONE'T



THEN MACBETH ENTERED

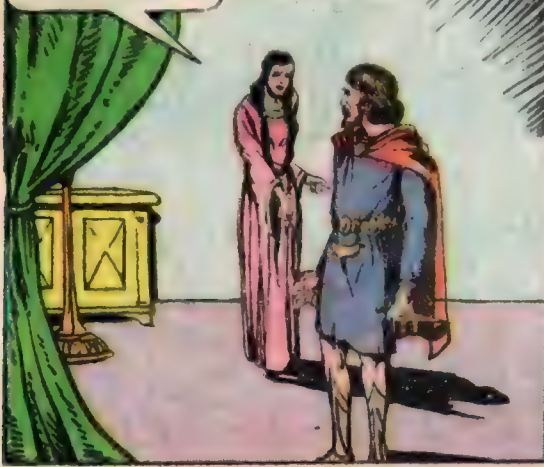
I HAVE DONE THE
DEED DIDST THOU
NOT HEAR A NOISE?



METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY
"SLEEP NO MORE!
MACBETH DOES MURDER SLEEP"--THE
INNOCENT SLEEP,
SLEEP THAT KNITS* UP THE RAVELED**
SLEAVE*** OF CARE,
THE DEATH OF EACH DAY'S LIFE, SORE
LABOR'S BATH,
BALM OF HURT MINDS, GREAT NATURE'S
SECOND COURSE,
CHIEF NOURISHER IN LIFE'S FEAST.
STILL IT CRIED "SLEEP NO MORE!" TO
ALL THE HOUSE;
"GLAMIS HATH MURDERED SLEEP, AND
THEREFORE CAWDOR
SHALL SLEEP NO MORE! MACBETH SHALL
SLEEP NO MORE!"



WHY, WORTHY THANE, YOU DO UNBEND
YOUR NOBLE STRENGTH TO THINK SO
BRAINSICKLY OF THINGS. WHY DID YOU
BRING THESE DAGGERS FROM THE PLACE?
THEY MUST LIE THERE. GO CARRY THEM
AND SMEAR THE SLEEPY GROOMS
WITH BLOOD.



I'LL GO NO MORE.
I AM AFRAID TO
THINK WHAT I HAVE
DONE; LOOK ON'T
AGAIN I DARE NOT.

INFIRM OF PURPOSE!
GIVE ME THE DAGGERS.
IF HE DO BLEED, I'LL
GILD THE FACES OF
THE CROOMS WITHAL,
FOR IT MUST SEEM
THEIR GUILT.



THEN
MACBETH
HEARD
A
KNOCKING.

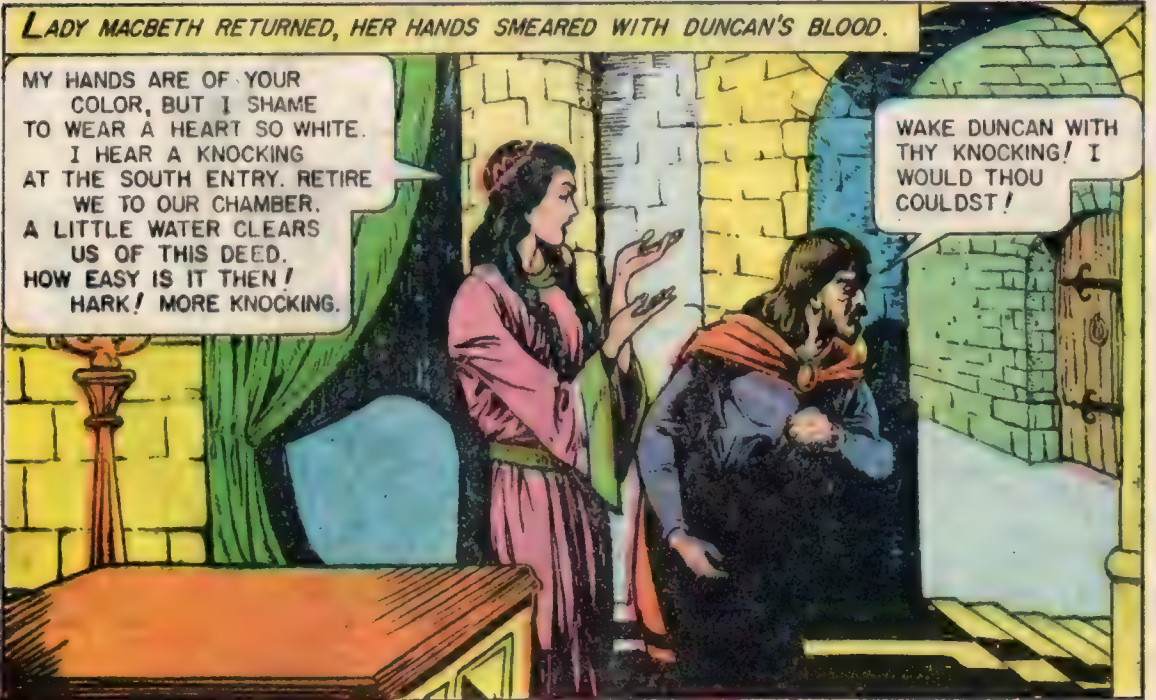
WHENCE IS THAT
KNOCKING? HOW
IS'T WITH ME WHEN
EVERY NOISE
APPALLS ME?



LADY MACBETH RETURNED, HER HANDS SMEARED WITH DUNCAN'S BLOOD.

MY HANDS ARE OF YOUR
COLOR, BUT I SHAME
TO WEAR A HEART SO WHITE.
I HEAR A KNOCKING
AT THE SOUTH ENTRY. RETIRE
WE TO OUR CHAMBER.
A LITTLE WATER CLEARS
US OF THIS DEED.
HOW EASY IS IT THEN!
HARK! MORE KNOCKING.

WAKE DUNCAN WITH
THY KNOCKING! I
WOULD THOU
COULDST!





**THE PORTER
OPENED
THE SOUTH
ENTRY TO
MACDUFF
AND LENNOX.**

IS THY MASTER
STIRRING?

**CALLLED FROM HIS BEDROOM, MACBETH RECEIVED HIS GUESTS AND, AT MACDUFF'S REQUEST,
DIRECTED HIM TO THE KING'S APARTMENT.**



HE DID COMMAND
ME TO CALL HIM;
I HAVE ALMOST
SLIPPED THE HOUR.

GOES THE KING
HENCE TO-DAY?

HE DOES; HE DID
APPOINT SO.



THE NIGHT HAS BEEN UNRULY. WHERE
WE LAY,
OUR CHIMNEYS WERE BLOWN DOWN,
AND, AS THEY SAY,
LAMENTINGS HEARD I' THE AIR, STRANGE
SCREAMS OF DEATH,
AND PROPHESYING, WITH ACCENTS
TERRIBLE,
OF DIRE COMBUSTION AND CONFUSED
EVENTS
NEW HATCHED TO THE WOEFUL TIME.
THE OBSCURE BIRD*
CLAMORED THE LIVELONG NIGHT. SOME
SAY THE EARTH
WAS FEVEROUS AND DID SHAKE.

'T WAS A
ROUGH
NIGHT.

SUDDENLY...

O HORROR,
HORROR,
HORROR!
TONGUE NOR
HEART CANNOT
CONCEIVE NOR
NAME THEE!

MACBETH AND LENNOX RAN TO THE
KING'S CHAMBER AS LADY MACBETH
AND BANQUO ENTERED THE ROOM.

AWAKE, AWAKE!
RING THE ALARUM BELL.
MURDER AND TREASON!
BANQUO AND DONALBAIN!
MALCOLM! AWAKE!
SHAKE OFF THIS DOWNY
SLEEP, DEATH'S
COUNTERFEIT,
AND LOOK ON DEATH ITSELF!
UP, UP, AND SEE
THE GREAT DOOM'S IMAGE!
OUR ROYAL MASTER'S
MURDERED!

WHAT, IN
OUR HOUSE?

THEN MACBETH AND LENNOX RETURNED.

HAD I BUT DIED AN
HOUR BEFORE
THIS CHANCE,
I HAD LIVED A
BLESSED TIME;
FOR FROM THIS
INSTANT
THERE'S NOTHING
SERIOUS IN
MORTALITY;
ALL IS BUT TOYS;
RENNOW AND
GRACE IS DEAD;
THE WINE OF LIFE IS
DRAWN, AND THE
MERE LEES*
IS LEFT THIS VAULT
TO BRAG OF

*Dregs

MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, SONS OF THE MURDERED KING, RECEIVED THE NEWS.



THOSE OF HIS CHAMBER, AS IT SEEMED, HAD DONE IT. THEIR HANDS AND FACES WERE ALL BADGED WITH BLOOD; SO WERE THEIR DAGGERS, WHICH UNWIPED WE FOUND UPON THEIR PILLOWS.

O, YET I DO REPENT ME OF MY FURY THAT I DID KILL THEM.



MACBETH HAD RUSHED IN AND KILLED THE SLEEPY GROOMS BEFORE THEY COULD DENY THE MURDER. NOW HE TRIED TO HIDE HIS GUILT.



WHO CAN BE WISE, AMAZED, TEMPERATE, AND FURIOUS, LOYAL AND NEUTRAL, IN A MOMENT? NO MAN.

HERE LAY DUNCAN, HIS SILVER SKIN LACED WITH HIS GOLDEN BLOOD; THERE, THE MURDERERS, STEEPED IN THE COLORS OF THEIR TRADE. WHO COULD REFRAIN THAT HAD A HEART TO LOVE AND IN THAT HEART COURAGE TO MAKE 'S LOVE KNOWN?



WHEN THE OTHERS LEFT, MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN MADE THEIR PLANS.

THIS MURDEROUS SHAFT THAT'S SHOT HATH NOT YET LIGHTED, AND OUR SAFEST WAY IS TO AVOID THE AIM. THEREFORE TO HORSE! AND LET US NOT BE DAINTY OF LEAVE-TAKING BUT SHIFT AWAY. I'LL TO ENGLAND.



TO IRELAND I. OUR SEPARATED FORTUNE SHALL KEEP US BOTH THE SAFER. WHERE WE ARE, THERE'S DAGGERS IN MEN'S SMILES.

MACDUFF AND ROSS MET
SOME DAYS LATER.

IS'T KNOWN WHO
DID THIS MORE
THAN BLOODY
DEED?

THOSE THAT MACBETH
HATH SLAIN. THEY WERE
SUBORNED*. MALCOLM AND
DONALBAIN, THE KING'S TWO
SONS, ARE STOLEN AWAY AND FLED,
WHICH PUTS UPON THEM SUSPICION
OF THE DEED.



*Hired to do it

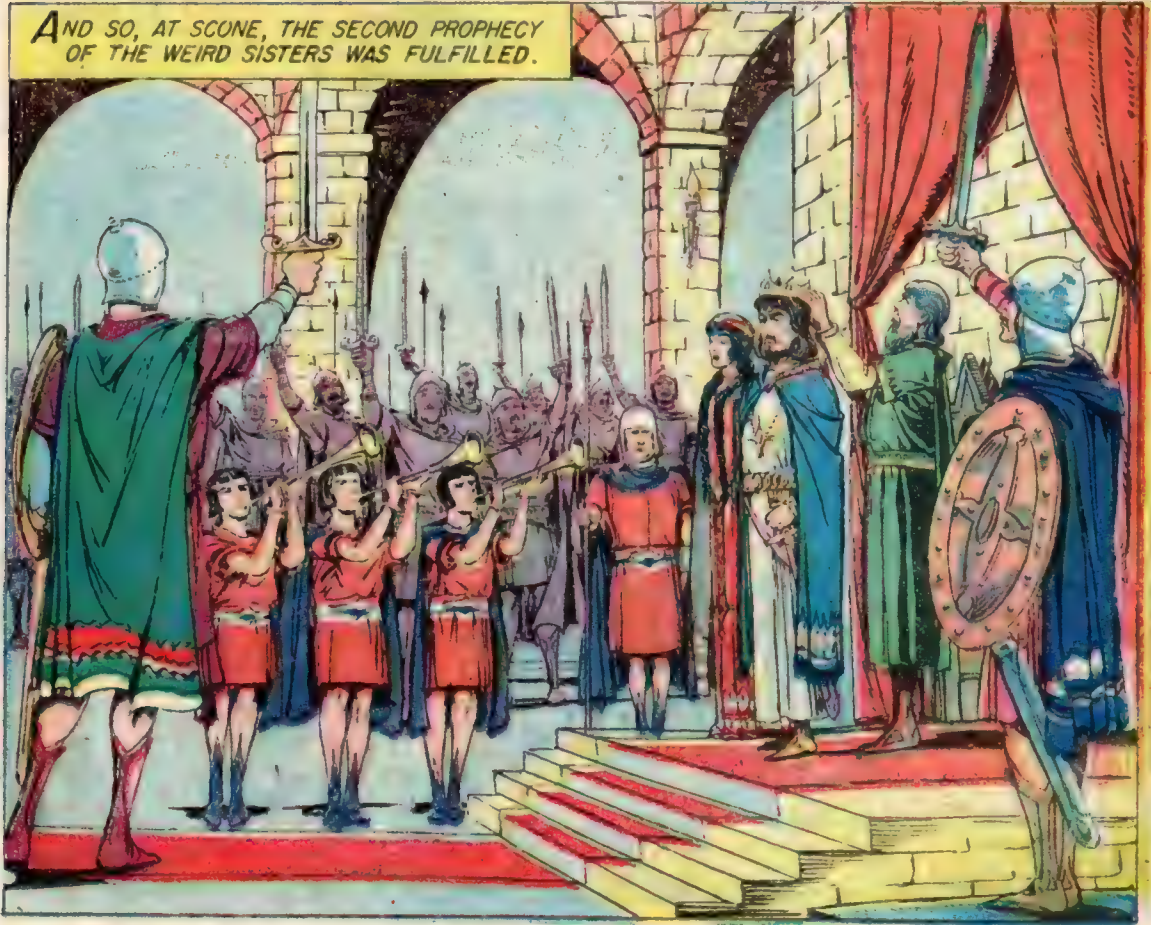
THEN 'TIS MOST
LIKE THE
SOVEREIGNTY
WILL FALL UPON
MACBETH.

HE IS ALREADY
NAMED, AND GONE
TO SCONE TO BE
INVESTED*.



*Crowned

AND SO, AT SCONE, THE SECOND PROPHECY
OF THE WEIRD SISTERS WAS FULFILLED.



BANQUO, THE GUEST OF KING MACBETH AND HIS QUEEN AT THE PALACE, LOOKED ABOUT HIM AND REMEMBERED.

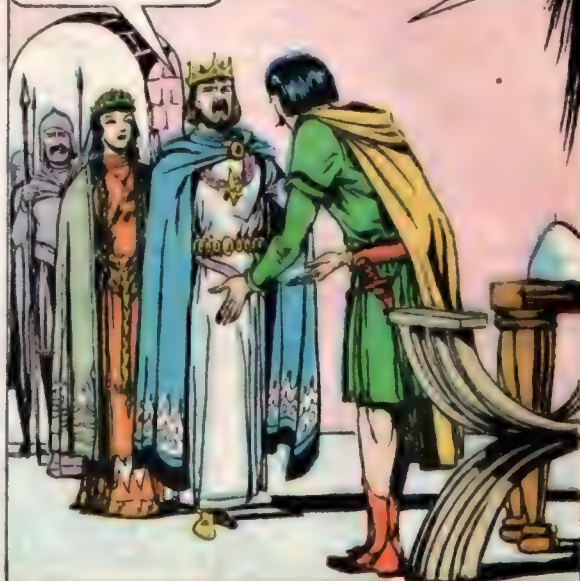
THOU HAST IT NOW--KING, CAWDOR,
GLAMIS, ALL,
AS THE WEIRD WOMEN PROMISED,
AND I FEAR
THOU PLAYEDST MOST FOULLY FOR'T.



THEN MACBETH ENTERED.

TO-NIGHT WE HOLD A SOLEMN
SUPPER, SIR,
AND I'LL REQUEST YOUR
PRESENCE.

LET YOUR
HIGHNESS
COMMAND
UPON ME.



RIDE YOU THIS
AFTERNOON?
GOES FLEANCE*
WITH YOU?

AY, MY
GOOD LORD.

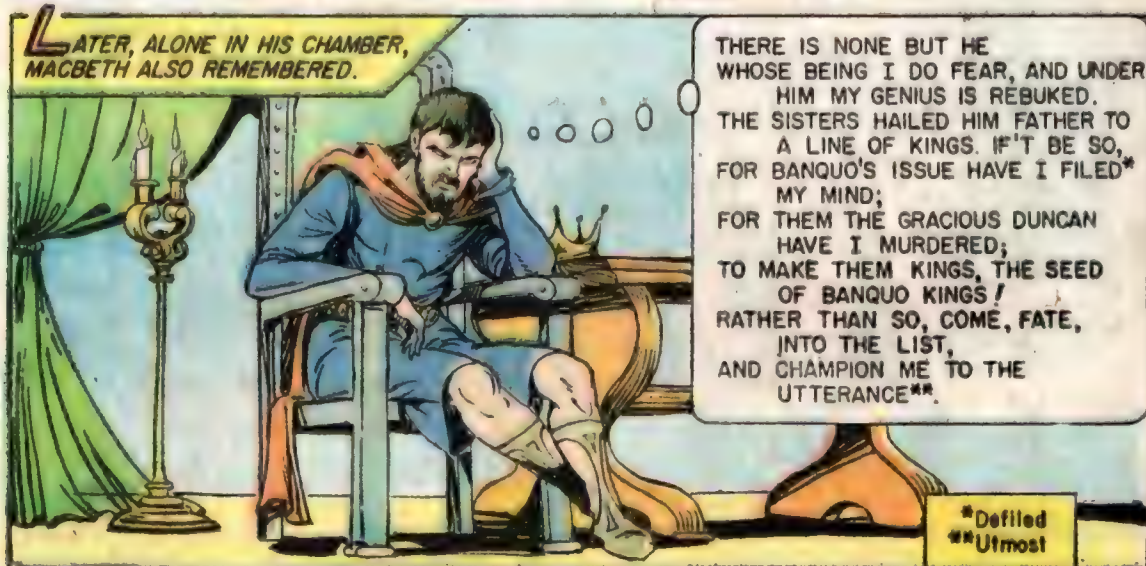


*Banquo's son

LATER, ALONE IN HIS CHAMBER, MACBETH ALSO REMEMBERED.

THERE IS NONE BUT HE
WHOSE BEING I DO FEAR, AND UNDER
HIM MY GENIUS IS REBUKED.
THE SISTERS HAILED HIM FATHER TO
A LINE OF KINGS. IF'T BE SO,
FOR BANQUO'S ISSUE HAVE I FILED*
MY MIND;
FOR THEM THE GRACIOUS DUNCAN
HAVE I MURDERED;
TO MAKE THEM KINGS, THE SEED
OF BANQUO KINGS!
RATHER THAN SO, COME, FATE,
INTO THE LIST,
AND CHAMPION ME TO THE
UTTERANCE**.

*Defiled
**Utmost



MACBETH HAD TWO MURDERERS BROUGHT TO HIM. WITH THEM, HE PLOTTED THE END OF BANQUO AND FLEANCE.



I AM ONE, MY LIEGE, WHOM THE VILE BLOWS AND BUFFETS OF THE WORLD HATH SO INCENSED THAT I AM RECKLESS WHAT I DO TO SPITE THE WORLD.

AND I ANOTHER SO WEARY WITH DISASTERS, TUGGED WITH FORTUNE, THAT I WOULD SET MY LIFE ON ANY CHANCE, TO MEND IT OR BE RID ON'T.

BOTH OF YOU KNOW BANQUO WAS YOUR ENEMY. SO IS HE MINE, AND THOUGH I COULD WITH BAREFACED POWER SWEEP HIM FROM MY SIGHT YET I MUST NOT, FOR SUNDRY WEIGHTY REASONS.

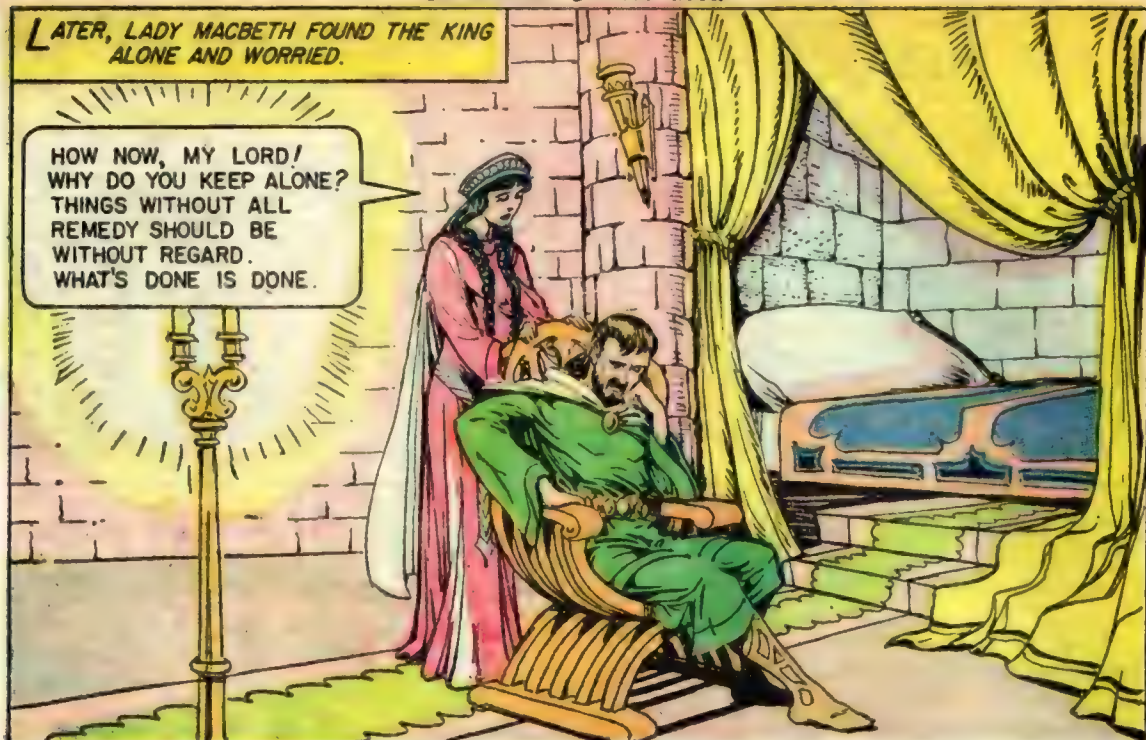


I WILL ADVISE YOU WHERE TO PLANT YOURSELVES; FOR'T MUST BE DONE TO-NIGHT.

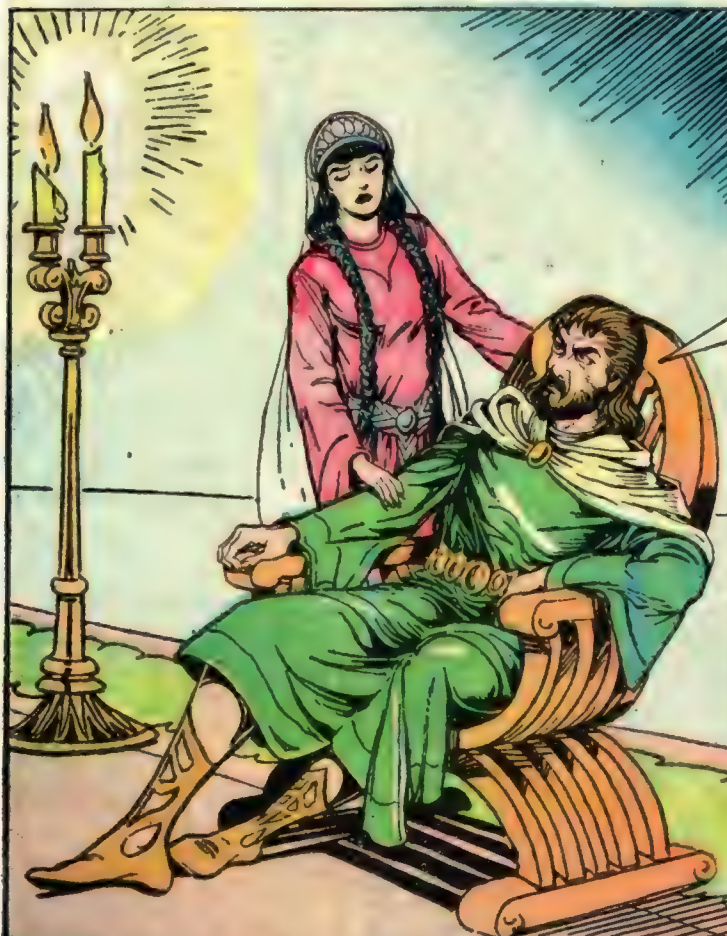


LATER, LADY MACBETH FOUND THE KING ALONE AND WORRIED.

HOW NOW, MY LORD!
WHY DO YOU KEEP ALONE?
THINGS WITHOUT ALL
REMEDY SHOULD BE
WITHOUT REGARD.
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.



WE HAVE SCORCHED* THE SNAKE,
NOT KILLED IT.
SHE'LL CLOSE AND BE HERSELF,
WHILST OUR POOR MALICE
REMAINS IN DANGER OF HER
FORMER TOOTH.
BUT LET THE FRAME OF THINGS
DISJOINT, BOTH THE WORLDS
SUFFER,
ERE WE WILL EAT OUR MEAL IN
FEAR AND SLEEP
IN THE AFFLICTION OF THESE
TERRIBLE DREAMS
THAT SHAKE US NIGHTLY.
BETTER BE WITH THE DEAD,
WHOM WE, TO GAIN OUR PEACE,
HAVE SENT TO PEACE,
THAN ON THE TORTURE OF THE
MIND TO LIE
IN RESTLESS ECSTASY. DUNCAN
IS IN HIS GRAVE;
AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER
HE SLEEPS WELL.
TREASON HAS DONE HIS WORST.
NOR STEEL, NOR POISON,
MALICE DOMESTIC, FOREIGN LEVY,
NOTHING,
CAN TOUCH HIM FURTHER.



*Slashed

THAT EVENING, LYING IN WAIT FOR BANQUO AND FLEANCE, THE TWO MURDERERS WERE SURPRISED TO SEE A THIRD.

BUT WHO DID BID THEE JOIN WITH US?

MACBETH.

THEN STAND WITH US.

HARK!
I HEAR HORSES.

IT WILL BE RAIN TO-NIGHT.

LET IT COME DOWN!

THERE'S BUT ONE DOWN; THE SON IS FLED.

LATER, WHILE GUESTS WERE BEING SEATED IN THE BANQUET HALL, THE KING WAS CALLED ASIDE.

MY LORD, HIS* THROAT
IS CUT. --FLEANCE
IS 'SCAPED.

THERE THE GROWN SERPENT
LIES; THE WORM
THAT'S FLED
HATH NATURE THAT IN TIME
WILL VENOM BREED.
GET THEE GONE.

*Banquo's

MACBETH RETURNED TO THE BANQUET TABLE.

HERE HAD WE NOW OUR
COUNTRY'S HONOR ROOFED*
WERE THE GRACED PERSON
OF OUR BANQUO PRESENT.

MAY'T PLEASE YOUR
HIGHNESS SIT.

*Under our roof

THE TABLE'S
FULL.

HERE IS A PLACE RESERVED, SIR.
HERE, MY GOOD LORD. WHAT IS'T
THAT MOVES YOUR HIGHNESS?

ONLY MACBETH
COULD SEE
THE GHOST
OF BANQUO.

THOU CANST NOT SAY
I DID IT. NEVER
SHAKE THY GORY
LOCKS AT ME.

GENTLEMEN,
RISE. HIS
HIGHNESS IS
NOT WELL.

SIT, WORTHY FRIENDS.
THE FIT IS MOMENTARY;
FEED, AND REGARD
HIM NOT.



PRITHEE, SEE THERE!
BEHOLD! LOOK!
LO! HOW SAY YOU?
WHY, WHAT CARE I?
IF THOU CANST NOD,
SPEAK TOO.



THEN
THE
GHOST
WAS
GONE.

IF I STAND HERE, I SAW HIM.
THE TIME HAS BEEN,
THAT, WHEN THE BRAINS WERE
OUT, THE MAN WOULD DIE,
AND THERE AN END; BUT
NOW THEY RISE AGAIN,
WITH TWENTY MORTAL
MURDERS ON THEIR
CROWNS,
AND PUSH US FROM
OUR STOOLS. THIS
IS MORE STRANGE
THAN SUCH A MURDER IS.

MY WORTHY LORD,
YOUR NOBLE FRIENDS
DO LACK YOU.



I DO FORGET.
DO NOT MUSE AT ME, MY
MOST WORTHY FRIENDS.
I HAVE A STRANGE INFIRMITY,
WHICH IS NOTHING
TO THOSE THAT KNOW ME.
COME, LOVE AND HEALTH
TO ALL!
THEN I'LL SIT DOWN.
GIVE ME SOME WINE;
FILL FULL.
I DRINK TO THE GENERAL
JOY O' THE WHOLE TABLE,
AND TO OUR DEAR FRIEND
BANQUO, WHOM WE MISS.
WOULD HE WERE HERE! TO
ALL, AND HIM, WE THIRST,
AND ALL TO ALL.



BUT AS HE STARTED TO TAKE HIS SEAT, AGAIN HE
SAW THE FORM OF THE MURDERED BANQUO.

AVAUNT AND QUIT MY
SIGHT! LET THE
EARTH HIDE THEE!
THY BONES ARE MARROWLESS,
THY BLOOD IS COLD;
THOU HAST NO SPECULATION
IN THOSE EYES
WHICH THOU DOST GLARE
WITH!

I PRAY YOU, SPEAK NOT.
HE GROWS WORSE AND
WORSE.
AT ONCE, GOOD NIGHT.
STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER
OF YOUR GOING,
BUT GO AT ONCE.



AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUESTS..

YOU HAVE DISPLACED THE MIRTH,
BROKE THE GOOD MEETING
WITH MOST ADMIR'D DISORDER.

IT WILL HAVE BLOOD, THEY
SAY; BLOOD WILL HAVE BLOOD.



I WILL TO-MORROW TO
THE WEIRD SISTERS.
MORE SHALL THEY SPEAK,
FOR NOW I AM
BENT TO KNOW,
BY THE WORST MEANS,
THE WORST. FOR
MINE OWN GOOD
ALL CAUSES SHALL GIVE
WAY I AM IN BLOOD
STEPPED IN SO FAR THAT,
SHOULD I WADE NO
MORE,
RETURNING WERE AS
TEDIOUS AS GO O'ER.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, THE WEIRD SISTERS PREPARED TO RECEIVE MACBETH.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL
AND TROUBLE;
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON
BUBBLE.



THEN . . .

HOW NOW, YOU SECRET, BLACK,
AND MIDNIGHT HAGS?
I CONJURE YOU BY THAT
WHICH YOU PROFESS,
HOWE'ER YOU COME TO KNOW
IT, ANSWER ME.
ANSWER ME
TO WHAT I ASK YOU.

SPEAK.

DEMAND.

WE'LL
ANSWER.



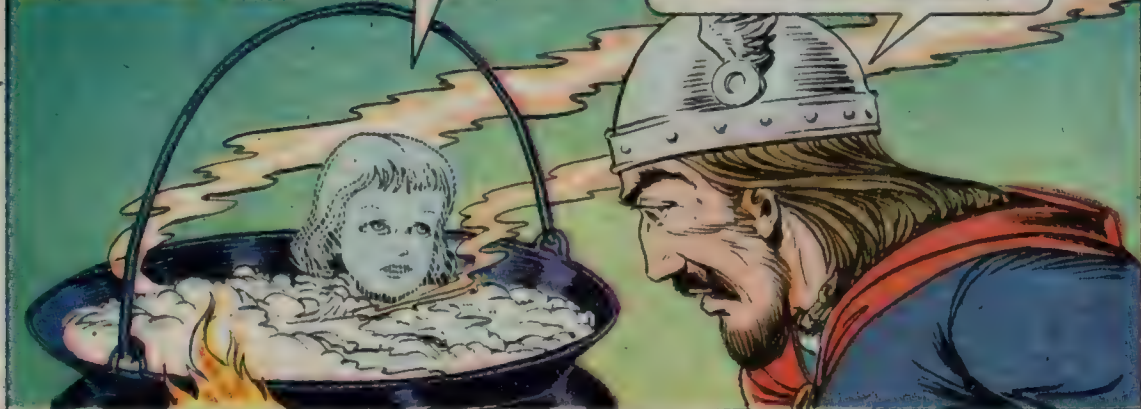
THERE WAS A ROLL OF THUNDER AND THEN A STRANGE IMAGE APPEARED.



THEN,
THERE WAS
A SECOND
IMAGE.

BE BLOODY, BOLD AND RESOLUTE;
LAUGH TO SCORN
THE POWER OF MAN, FOR NONE
OF WOMAN BORN
SHALL HARM MACBETH.

THEN LIVE, MACDUFF. WHAT
NEED I FEAR OF THEE?
BUT YET I'LL MAKE ASSURANCE
DOUBLE SURE
AND TAKE A BOND OF FATE.
THOU SHALT NOT LIVE!



A THIRD APPARITION APPEARED.

MACBETH SHALL NEVER
VANQUISHED BE UNTIL
GREAT BIRNAM WOOD TO
HIGH DUNSINANE HILL
SHALL COME AGAINST HIM.

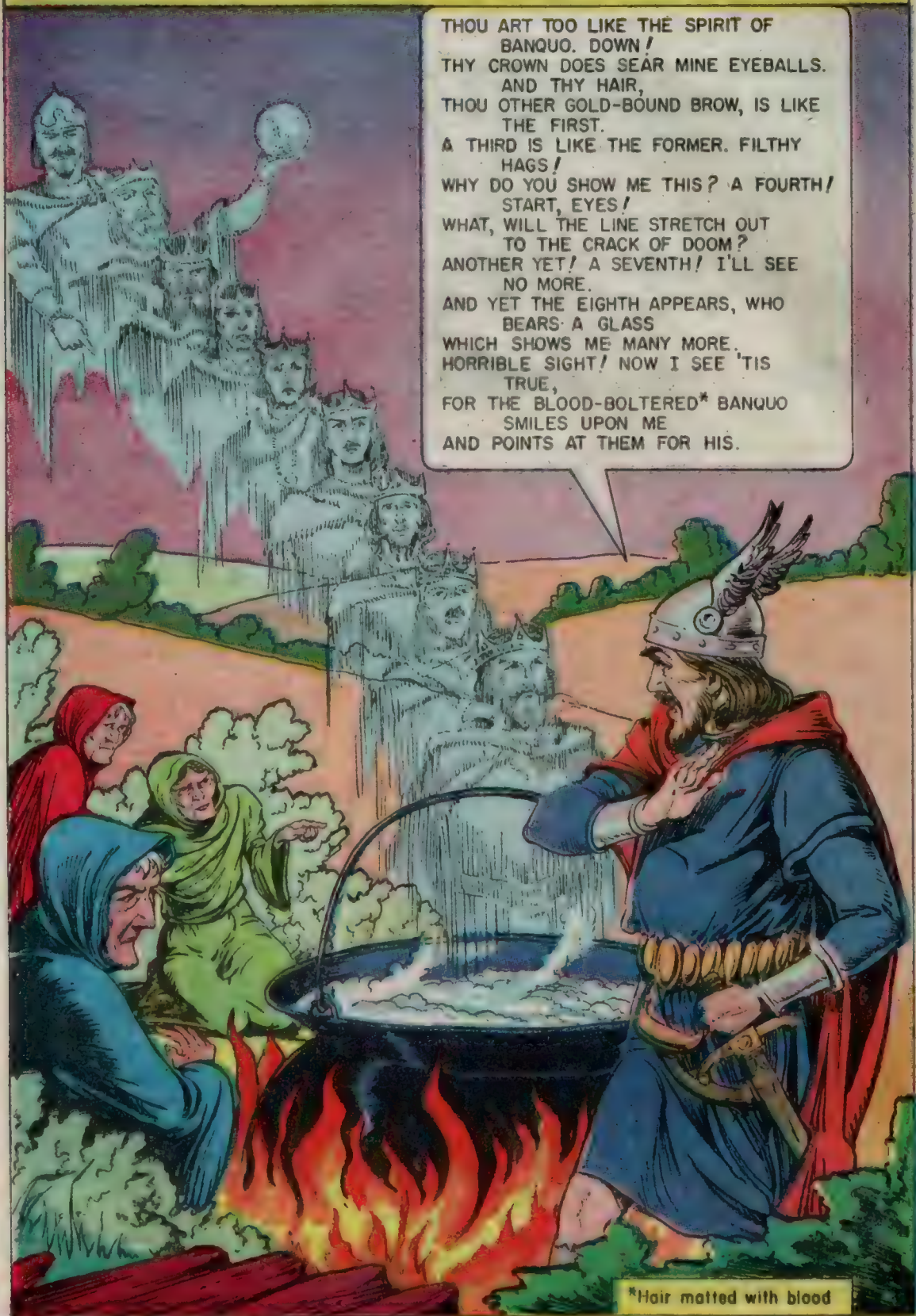
THAT WILL NEVER BE.
WHO CAN IMPRESS THE
FOREST, BID THE TREE
UNFIX HIS EARTH-BOUND
ROOT?

YET MY HEART
THROBS TO KNOW ONE THING.
TELL ME, IF YOUR ART
CAN TELL SO MUCH, SHALL
BANQUO'S ISSUE EVER
REIGN IN THIS KINGDOM?



THE WITCHES' POWER BROUGHT BEFORE MACBETH THE VISION OF EIGHT KINGS, ALL DESCENDANTS OF BANQUO. THEY APPEARED ONE BY ONE, FOLLOWED BY BANQUO.

THOU ART TOO LIKE THE SPIRIT OF
BANQUO. DOWN!
THY CROWN DOES SEAR MINE EYEBALLS.
AND THY HAIR,
THOU OTHER GOLD-BOUND BROW, IS LIKE
THE FIRST.
A THIRD IS LIKE THE FORMER. FILTHY
HAGS!
WHY DO YOU SHOW ME THIS? A FOURTH!
START, EYES!
WHAT, WILL THE LINE STRETCH OUT
TO THE CRACK OF DOOM?
ANOTHER YET! A SEVENTH! I'LL SEE
NO MORE.
AND YET THE EIGHTH APPEARS, WHO
BEARS A GLASS
WHICH SHOWS ME MANY MORE.
HORRIBLE SIGHT! NOW I SEE 'TIS
TRUE,
FOR THE BLOOD-BOLTERED* BANQUO
SMILES UPON ME
AND POINTS AT THEM FOR HIS.



*Hair matted with blood

FROM THE WITCHES' MESSAGES, MACBETH KNEW HE HAD MACDUFF TO FEAR. HE DECIDED TO HAVE HIM AND HIS FAMILY KILLED. MACDUFF HAD ALREADY FLED TO ENGLAND, ALONG WITH MANY OTHER THANES, TO ESCAPE MACBETH'S BLOODY REIGN. BUT HE LEFT LADY MACDUFF AND THEIR CHILDREN AT HIS CASTLE AT FIFE. ONE DAY, A STRANGER CAME TO SEE LADY MACDUFF.

BLESS YOU, FAIR DAME!
IF YOU WILL TAKE A
HOMELY MAN'S* ADVICE,
BE NOT FOUND HERE.
HENCE WITH YOUR
LITTLE ONES!
I DARE ABIDE NO LONGER.

WHITHER SHOULD I FLY?
I HAVE DONE NO HARM. BUT
I REMEMBER NOW
I AM IN THIS EARTHLY
WORLD, WHERE TO DO
HARM
IS OFTEN LAUDABLE, TO DO
GOOD SOMETIME
ACCOUNTED DANGEROUS
FOLLY.



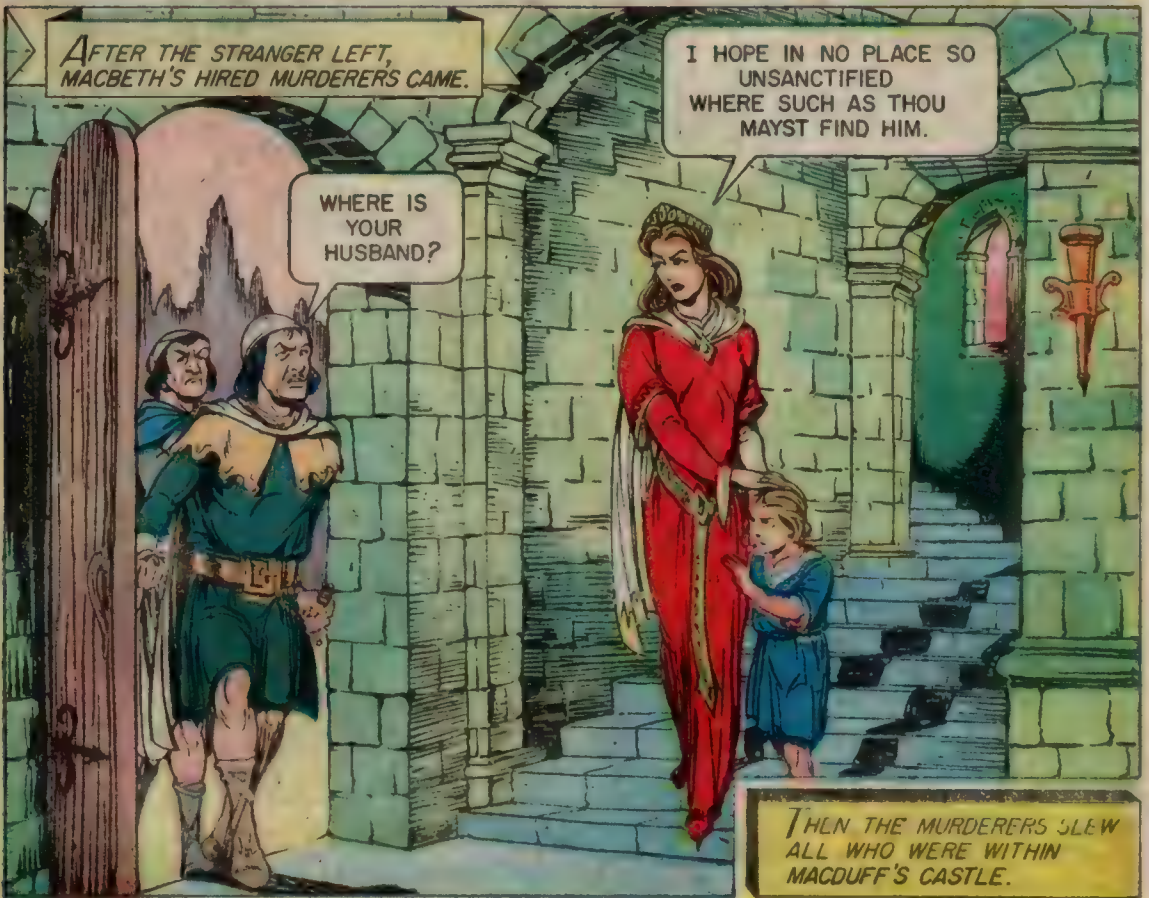
*A man of lower rank

AFTER THE STRANGER LEFT,
MACBETH'S HIRED MURDERERS CAME.

WHERE IS
YOUR
HUSBAND?

I HOPE IN NO PLACE SO
UNSANCTIFIED
WHERE SUCH AS THOU
MAYST FIND HIM.

THEN THE MURDERERS SLEW
ALL WHO WERE WITHIN
MACDUFF'S CASTLE.



IN ENGLAND, MALCOLM* AND MACDUFF DISCUSSED THE PLIGHT OF THEIR HOMELAND.



LET US SEEK OUT SOME
DESOLATE SHADE, AND THERE
WEEP OUR SAD BOSOMS EMPTY.

LET US RATHER
HOLD FAST THE MORTAL SWORD
AND, LIKE GOOD MEN,
BESTRIDE OUR DOWNFALL'N
BIRTHDOM. EACH NEW MORN
NEW WIDOWS HOWL, NEW ORPHANS
CRY, NEW SORROWS
STRIKE HEAVEN ON THE FACE.

*Duncan's elder son

MALCOLM HAD FOUND
LOYAL FRIENDS AND HE
TOLD MACDUFF THAT PLANS
WERE BEING MADE TO RETURN
TO SCOTLAND AND WIN THE
THRONE FROM MACBETH.

GRACIOUS ENGLAND HATH
LENT US GOOD SIWARD*
AND TEN THOUSAND MEN.



*An English general, Malcolm's uncle

THE THANE OF ROSS THEN CAME, BRINGING
THE LATEST SAD NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

SEE WHO COMES HERE.
MY EVER GENTLE COUSIN,
WELCOME. STANDS
SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?

ALAS, POOR
COUNTRY.



WHEN I CAME HITHER TO
TRANSPORT THE TIDINGS,
WHICH I HAVE HEAVILY BORNE,
THERE RAN A RUMOR
OF MANY WORTHY FELLOWS
THAT WERE OUT.
NOW IS THE TIME OF HELP.
YOUR EYE IN SCOTLAND
WOULD CREATE SOLDIERS,
MAKE OUR WOMEN FIGHT
TO DOFF THEIR DIRE
DISTRESSES.

BE'T THEIR COMFORT
WE ARE COMING THITHER.



WOULD I COULD ANSWER
THIS COMFORT WITH THE LIKE!
BUT I HAVE WORDS
THAT WOULD BE HOWLED OUT
IN THE DESERT AIR,
WHERE HEARING SHOULD NOT
LATCH THEM.

IF IT BE MINE,
KEEP IT NOT FROM ME;
QUICKLY LET ME
HAVE IT.

YOUR CASTLE IS SURPRISED;
YOUR WIFE AND BABES
SAVAGELY SLAUGHTERED.



O, I COULD PLAY THE
WOMAN WITH MINE EYES
AND BRAGGART WITH MY
TONGUE! BUT, GENTLE
HEAVENS,
CUT SHORT ALL INTERMISSION.
FRONT TO FRONT
BRING THOU THIS FIEND OF
SCOTLAND AND MYSELF.
WITHIN MY SWORD'S LENGTH
SET HIM.



BACK IN SCOTLAND, MACBETH HAD MADE HIS HOME IN DUNSINANE. TO THIS STRUNG-HOLD, LADY MACBETH'S GENTLEWOMAN CALLED A DOCTOR TO OBSERVE THE QUEER CONDUCT OF THE QUEEN.

I HAVE SEEN HER RISE FROM HER BED, THROW HER NIGHTGOWN UPON HER, UNLOCK HER CLOSET, TAKE FORTH PAPER, FOLD IT, WRITE UPON'T, READ IT, AFTERWARDS SEAL IT, AND AGAIN RETURN TO BED; YET ALL THIS WHILE IN A MOST FAST SLEEP.

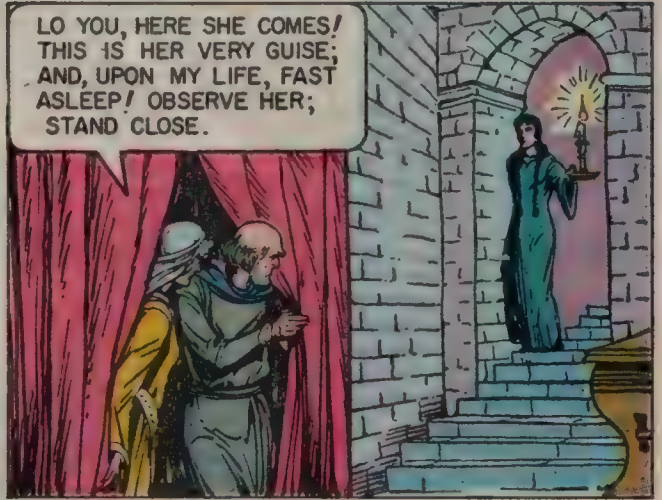
IN THIS SLUMBERY AGITATION, WHAT, AT ANY TIME, HAVE YOU HEARD HER SAY?



THAT, SIR, WHICH I WILL NOT REPORT AFTER HER; NEITHER TO YOU NOR ANY ONE, HAVING NO WITNESS TO CONFIRM MY SPEECH.



LO YOU, HERE SHE COMES! THIS IS HER VERY GUISE; AND, UPON MY LIFE, FAST ASLEEP! OBSERVE HER; STAND CLOSE.



WHAT IS IT SHE DOES NOW? LOOK HOW SHE RUBS HER HANDS.

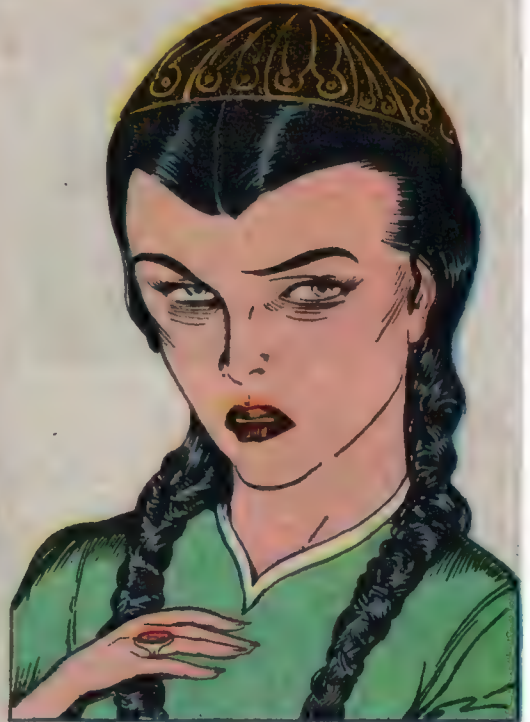
IT IS AN ACCUSTOMED ACTION WITH HER, TO SEEM THUS WASHING HER HANDS. I HAVE KNOWN HER CONTINUE IN THIS A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

YET HERE'S A SPOT.





FIE, MY LORD, FIE!
A SOLDIER, AND AFRAID? WHAT
NEED WE FEAR WHO KNOWS IT,
WHEN NONE CAN CALL OUR POWER
TO ACCOUNT? YET WHO WOULD
HAVE THOUGHT THE OLD MAN TO
HAVE HAD SO MUCH BLOOD IN HIM?



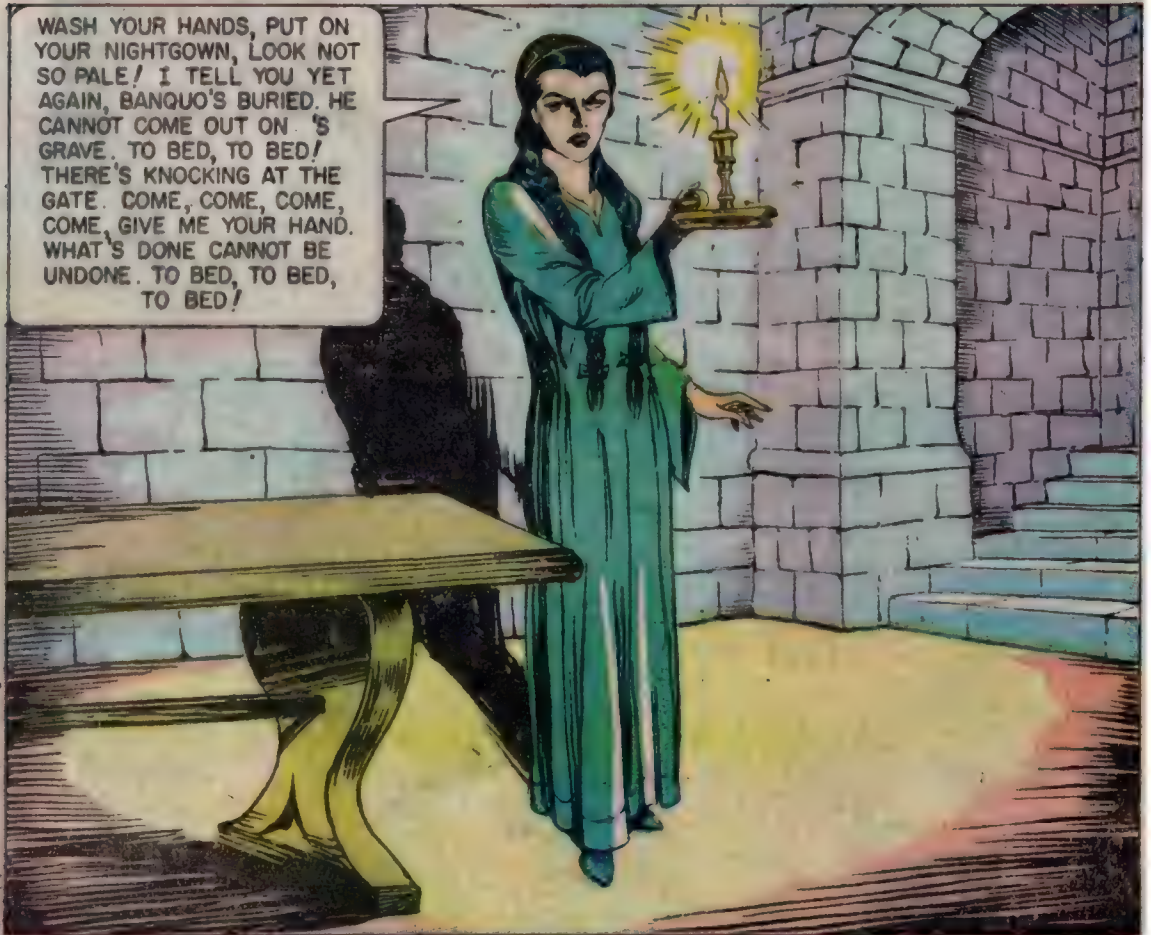
WHAT, WILL THESE
HANDS NE'ER BE CLEAN?
HERE'S THE SMELL OF
THE BLOOD STILL. ALL
THE PERFUMES OF
ARABIA WILL NOT
SWEETEN THIS LITTLE
HAND. OH, OH, OH!



WHAT A SIGH IS
THERE / THE HEART
IS SORELY CHARGED.

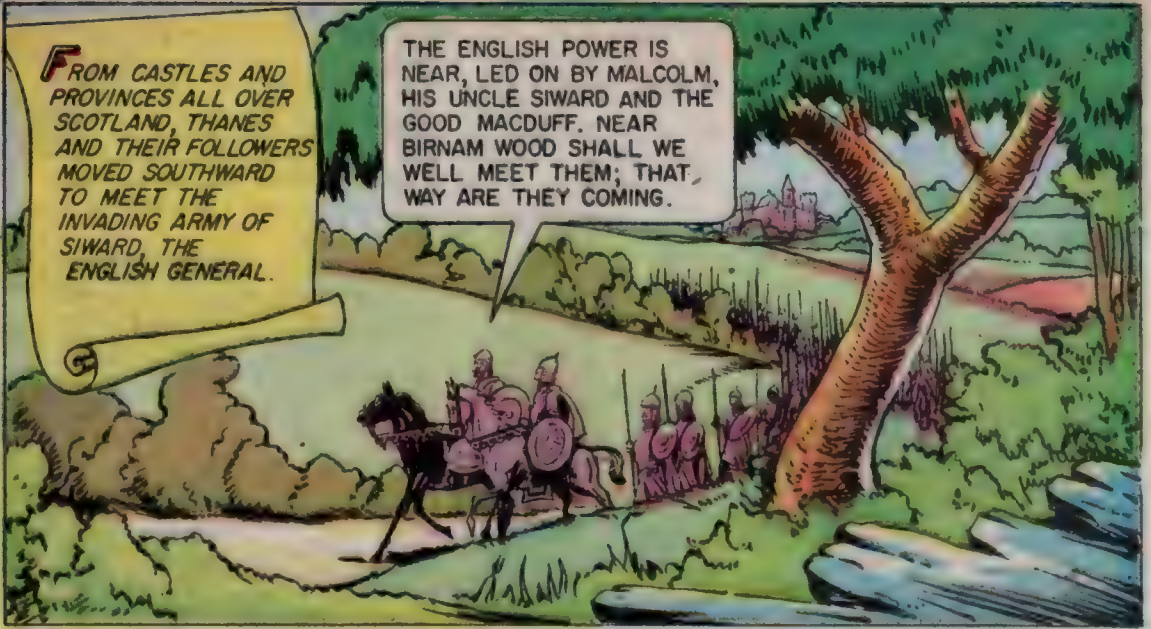


WASH YOUR HANDS, PUT ON
YOUR NIGHTGOWN, LOOK NOT
SO PALE! I TELL YOU YET
AGAIN, BANQUO'S BURIED. HE
CANNOT COME OUT ON 'S
GRAVE. TO BED, TO BED!
THERE'S KNOCKING AT THE
GATE. COME, COME, COME,
COME, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
WHAT'S DONE CANNOT BE
UNDONE. TO BED, TO BED,
TO BED!



FROM CASTLES AND PROVINCES ALL OVER SCOTLAND, THANES AND THEIR FOLLOWERS MOVED SOUTHWARD TO MEET THE INVADING ARMY OF SIWARD, THE ENGLISH GENERAL.

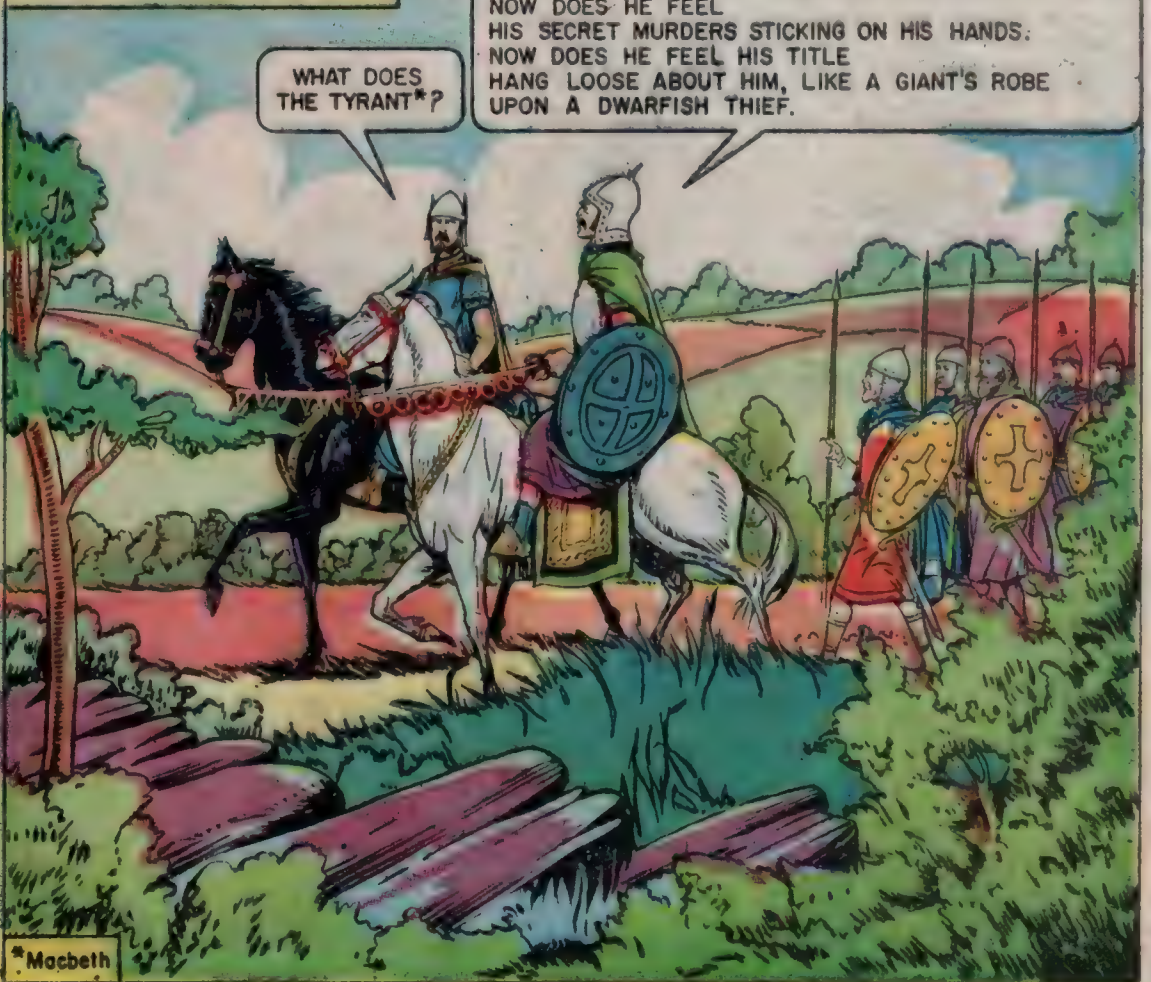
THE ENGLISH POWER IS NEAR, LED ON BY MALCOLM, HIS UNCLE SIWARD AND THE GOOD MACDUFF. NEAR BIRNAM WOOD SHALL WE WELL MEET THEM; THAT WAY ARE THEY COMING.



THE THANES WERE NOT GOING OUT TO RESIST THE INVADERS, BUT TO WELCOME THEM.

WHAT DOES THE TYRANT*?

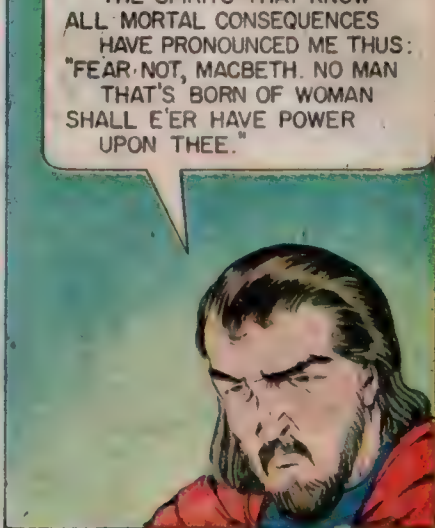
GREAT DUNSINANE HE STRONGLY FORTIFIES. SOME SAY HE'S MAD; OTHERS, THAT LESSER HATE HIM, DO CALL IT VALIANT FURY. NOW DOES HE FEEL HIS SECRET MURDERS STICKING ON HIS HANDS. NOW DOES HE FEEL HIS TITLE HANG LOOSE ABOUT HIM, LIKE A GIANT'S ROBE UPON A DWARFISH THIEF.



AT DUNSINANE, MACBETH RELIED UPON THE WITCHES' PROPHECIES TO SAVE HIM.

BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS. LET THEM FLY ALL!
TILL BIRNAM WOOD REMOVE TO DUNSINANE,
I CANNOT TAINT WITH FEAR.

WHAT'S THE BOY MALCOLM?
WAS HE NOT BORN OF WOMAN?
THE SPIRITS THAT KNOW ALL MORTAL CONSEQUENCES
HAVE PRONOUNCED ME THUS:
"FEAR NOT, MACBETH. NO MAN
THAT'S BORN OF WOMAN
SHALL E'ER HAVE POWER
UPON THEE."



THEN A MESSENGER ENTERED.

WHERE GOT'ST THOU
THAT GOOSE LOOK?

THERE IS TEN THOUSAND
SOLDIERS, SIR.



WHAT SOLDIERS,
WHEY-FACE*?

THE ENGLISH
FORCE.



*Milk-face

THIS PUSH
WILL CHEER ME EVER OR DISSEAT ME NOW.
I HAVE LIVED LONG ENOUGH.
AND THAT WHICH SHOULD ACCOMPANY OLD AGE,
AS HONOR, LOVE, OBEDIENCE, TROOPS OF FRIENDS,
I MUST NOT LOOK TO HAVE; BUT, IN THEIR STEAD,
CURSES, NOT LOUD BUT
DEEP, MOUTH-HONOR,
BREATH
WHICH THE POOR HEART
WOULD FAIN DENY, AND
DARE NOT.



I'LL FIGHT TILL
FROM MY BONES
MY FLESH BE
HACKED. GIVE
ME MY ARMOR.



IN BIRNAM WOOD, SIWARD MADE HIS REPORT TO MALCOLM.

WE LEARN NO OTHER BUT THE CONFIDENT TYRANT KEEPS STILL IN DUNSINANE.



MALCOLM THEN REVEALED HIS STRATEGY.

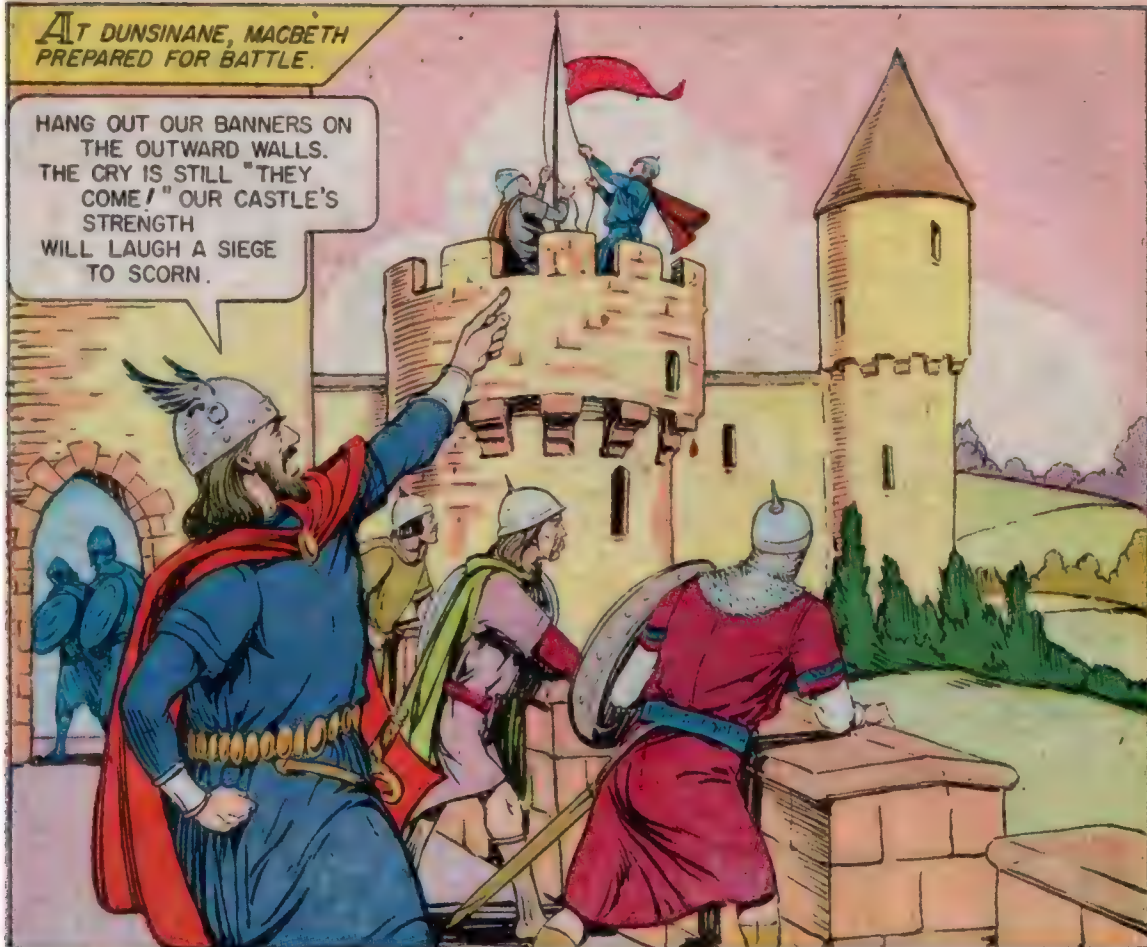
LET EVERY SOLDIER HEW* HIM DOWN A BOUGH AND BEAR'T BEFORE HIM. THEREBY SHALL WE SHADOW THE NUMBERS OF OUR HOST AND MAKE DISCOVERY ERR IN REPORT OF US.



*Cut

AT DUNSINANE, MACBETH
PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

HANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON
THE OUTWARD WALLS.
THE CRY IS STILL "THEY
COME!" OUR CASTLE'S
STRENGTH
WILL LAUGH A SIEGE
TO SCORN.



THEN...

WHAT IS
THAT NOISE?

IT IS THE CRY
OF WOMEN, MY
GOOD LORD.



I HAVE ALMOST FORGOT THE TASTE OF FEARS.
THE TIME HAS BEEN MY SENSES WOULD HAVE
COOLED
TO HEAR A NIGHT-SHRIEK, AND MY FELL OF
HAIR
WOULD AT A DISMAL TREATISE ROUSE AND STIR
AS LIFE WERE IN'T. I HAVE SUPPED FULL
WITH HORRORS.
DIRENESS*, FAMILIAR TO MY SLAUGHTEROUS
THOUGHTS,
CANNOT ONCE START ME.

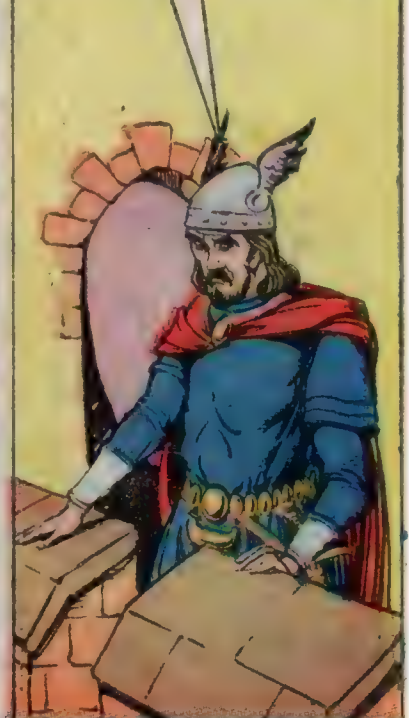


* Horror



SHE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER.*
 THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN A TIME FOR SUCH
 A WORD.
 TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW,
 CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PACE FROM DAY TO
 DAY
 TO THE LAST SYLLABLE OF RECORDED TIME,
 AND ALL OUR YESTERDAYS HAVE LIGHTED
 FOOLS
 THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH.
 OUT, OUT, BRIEF CANDLE!

LIFE'S BUT A WALKING
 SHADOW, A POOR PLAYER,
 THAT STRUTS AND FRETS HIS
 HOUR UPON THE STAGE
 AND THEN IS HEARD NO MORE.
 IT IS A TALE
 TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF
 SOUND AND FURY,
 SIGNIFYING NOTHING.



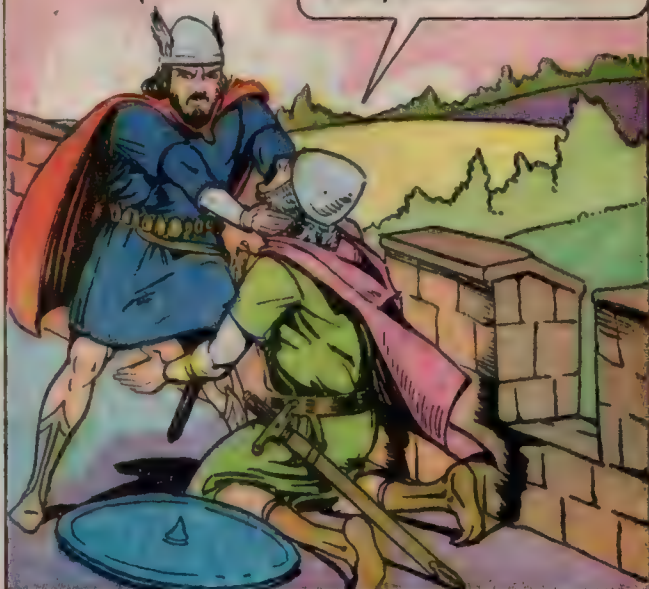
THERE WAS NO TIME TO MOURN.
MACBETH'S MUSINGS WERE
BROKEN RUDELY BY A MESSAGE
WHICH SEEMED UNBELIEVABLE.

GRACIOUS MY LORD,
AS I DID STAND MY WATCH UPON
THE HILL,
I LOOKED TOWARD BIRNAM, AND
ANON METHOUGHT,
THE WOOD BEGAN TO MOVE.



LIAR AND
SLAVE!

LET ME ENDURE YOUR
WRATH IF IT BE NOT SO.
WITHIN THIS THREE MILE
MAY YOU SEE IT COMING;
I SAY, A MOVING GROVE.



I PULL IN RESOLUTION AND BEGIN
TO DOUBT THE EQUIVOCATION* OF
THE FIEND,
THAT LIES LIKE TRUTH. "FEAR
NOT, TILL BIRNAM WOOD
DO COME TO DUNSINANE!" AND
NOW A WOOD
COMES TOWARD DUNSINANE.

RING THE ALARM BELL! BLOW, WIND!
COME, WRACK*,
AT LEAST WE'LL DIE WITH HARNESS ON
OUR BACK!



*Uncertain meaning



*Destruction

MACBETH CHARGED FROM THE CASTLE. HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE IN THE FOREST, DESERTED BY HIS LAST WEAK FOLLOWERS. HE HAD BUT ONE HOPE LEFT

WHAT'S HE THAT WAS NOT BORN OF WOMAN? SUCH A ONE AM I TO FEAR, OR NONE.



THEN MACBETH HEARD A CHALLENGING CALL BEHIND HIM. HE TURNED SWIFTLY AND SAW A YOUNG ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

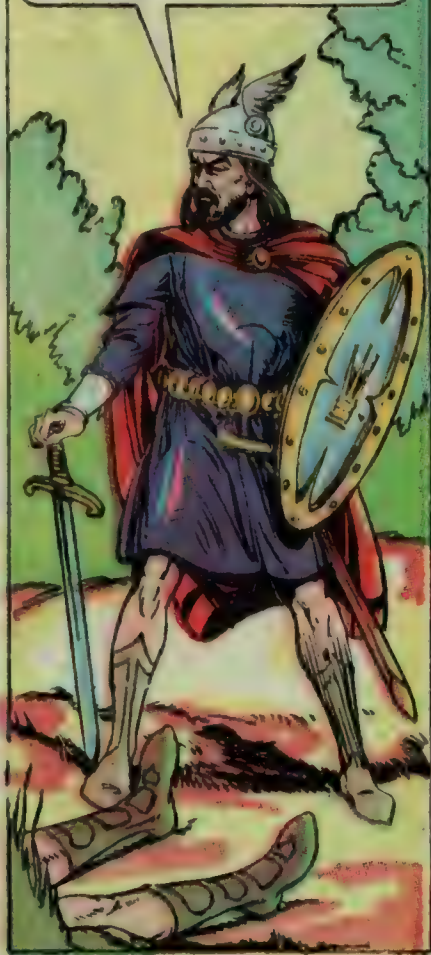
WHAT IS THY NAME?

MY NAME'S MACBETH.



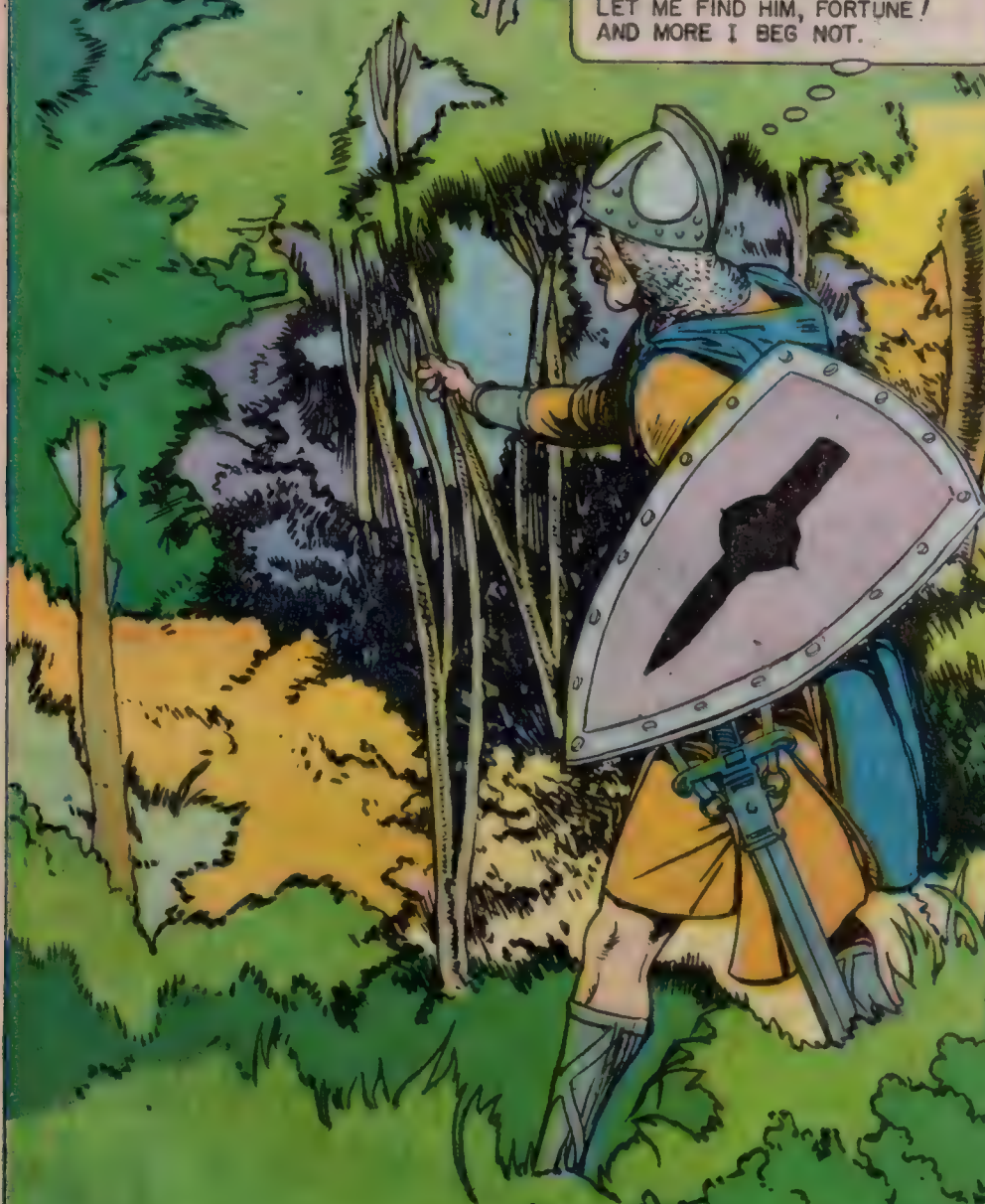
ABHORRED TYRANT!

THOU WAST BORN OF WOMAN, BUT SWORDS I SMILE AT, WEAPONS LAUGH TO SCORN, BRANDISHED BY MAN THAT'S OF A WOMAN BORN.



MACDUFF SEARCHED
THROUGH THE FOREST
FOR MACBETH.

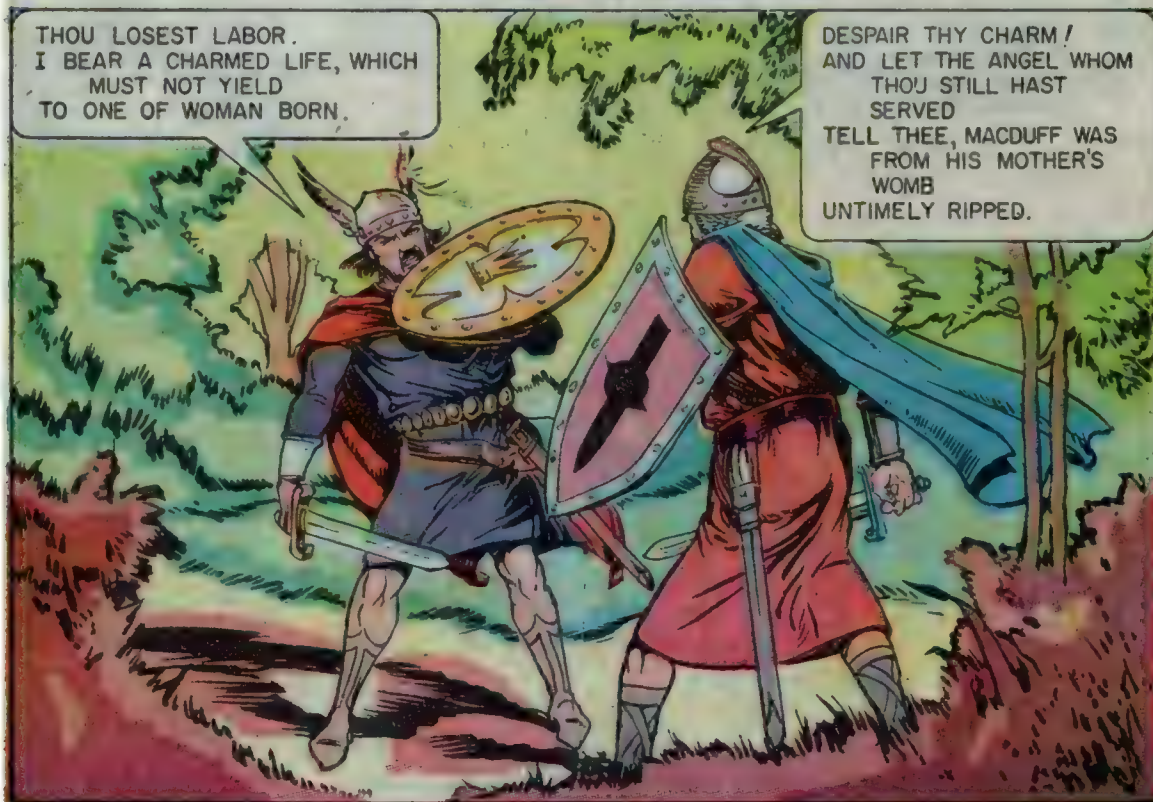
TYRANT, SHOW THY FACE!
IF THOU BE'ST SLAIN AND WITH
NO STROKE OF MINE,
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN'S GHOSTS
WILL HAUNT ME STILL.
EITHER THOU, MACBETH,
OR ELSE MY SWORD WITH AN
UNBATTERED EDGE
I SHEATHE AGAIN UNDEEDED*
LET ME FIND HIM, FORTUNE!
AND MORE I BEG NOT.



*Having done nothing



FORWARD AND BACK THE ARMORED WARRIORS MOVED, WHILE NEITHER GAINED VICTORY. MACBETH TRIED TO CHECK THE BATTLE.

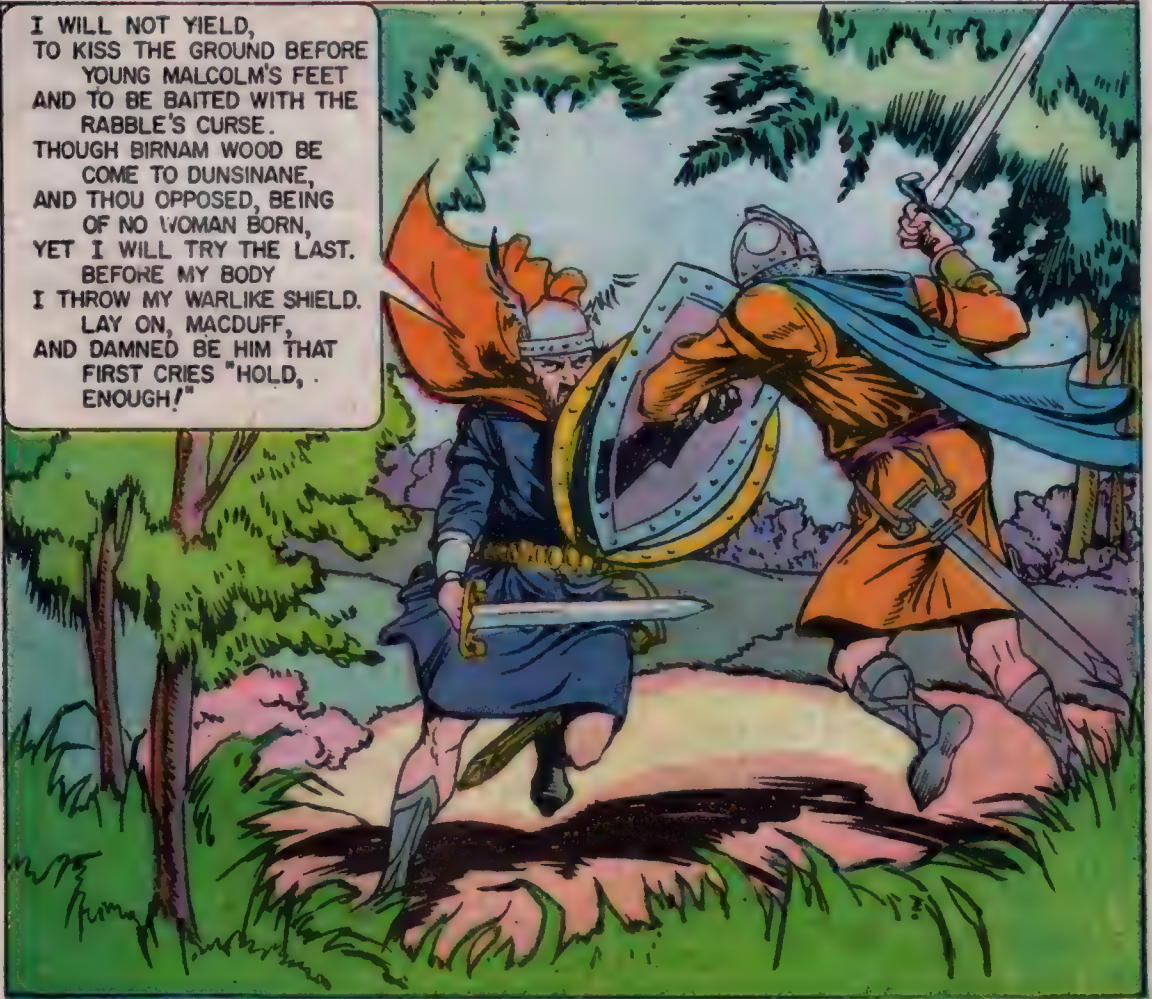


ACCURSED BE THAT TONGUE THAT
TELLS ME SO,
FOR IT HATH COWED MY BETTER
PART OF MAN!
I'LL NOT FIGHT WITH THEE!

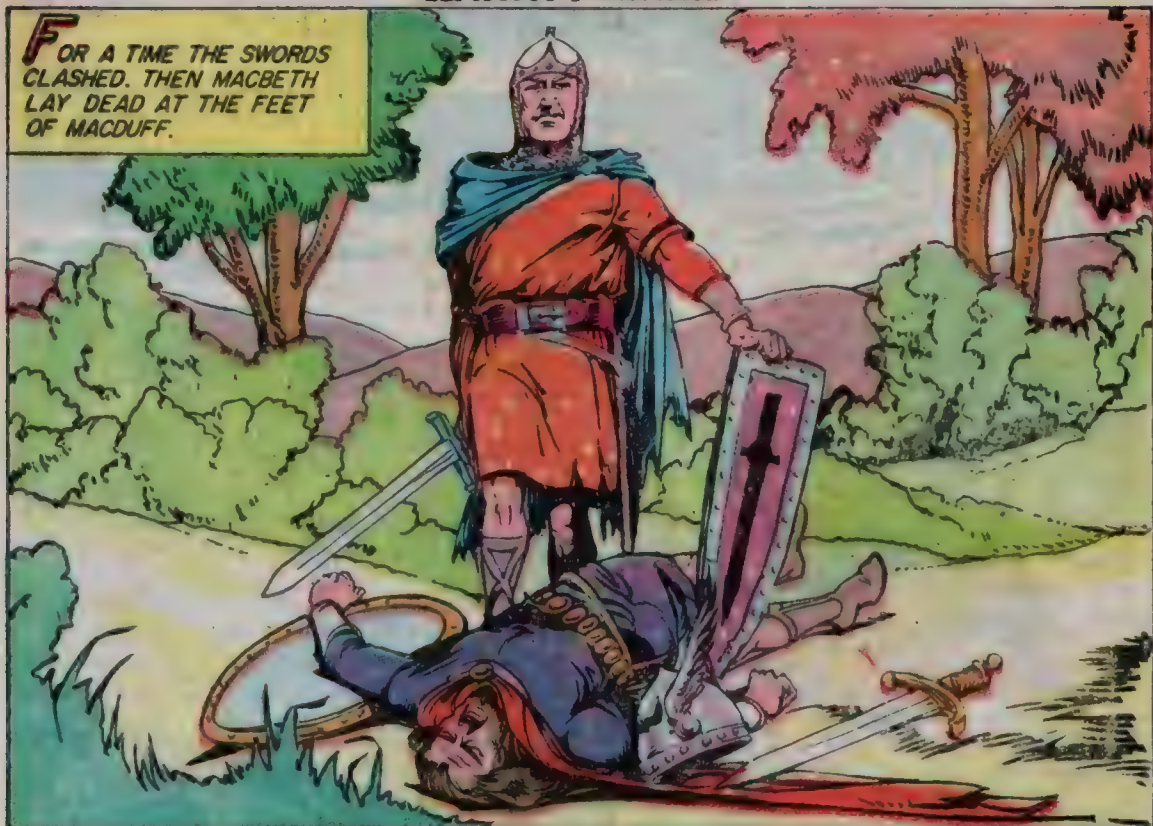
THEN YIELD THEE, COWARD,
AND LIVE TO BE THE SHOW AND GAZE
O' THE TIME!
WE'LL HAVE THEE, AS OUR 'RARER
MONSTERS ARE,
PAINTED UPON A POLE, AND UNDERWRIT
"HERE MAY YOU SEE THE TYRANT."



I WILL NOT YIELD,
TO KISS THE GROUND BEFORE
YOUNG MALCOLM'S FEET
AND TO BE BAITED WITH THE
RABBLE'S CURSE.
THOUGH BIRNAM WOOD BE
COME TO DUNSLINANE,
AND THOU OPPOSED, BEING
OF NO WOMAN BORN,
YET I WILL TRY THE LAST.
BEFORE MY BODY
I THROW MY WARLIKE SHIELD.
LAY ON, MACDUFF,
AND DAMNED BE HIM THAT
FIRST CRIES "HOLD,
ENOUGH!"



FOR A TIME THE SWORDS
CLASHED. THEN MACBETH
LAY DEAD AT THE FEET
OF MACDUFF.



AND MACDUFF
WENT TO
HONOR MALCOLM,
THE NEW KING
OF SCOTLAND.

HAIL, KING! FOR SO THOU ART. THE TIME
IS FREE.
I SEE THEE COMPASSED* WITH THY
KINGDOM'S PEARL,
THAT SPEAK MY SALUTATION IN THEIR MINDS,
WHOSE VOICES I DESIRE ALOUD WITH MINE.
HAIL, KING OF SCOTLAND!



*Surrounded

THE END

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T
MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL OBTAINABLE
AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in the peaceful little town of Stratford on the banks of the Avon River in England. We do not know the exact date of his birth, but

church records show that he was baptized on April 26, 1564.

Other records of the local city hall show that John Shakespeare, father of William, was one of the town's leading citizens. He was registered as a member of the glove-maker's guild, but he took part in a number of enterprises, and he traded in leathers. He had political connections and served in several appointive and elective positions. At one time, he was the town's official ale taster. Later, he was town constable. In the year that William was four, his father was made high bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford.

As a member of a leading family, William Shakespeare was probably taught at an early age to read and to write. This private instruction prepared him to go on for what was considered advanced education in the Stratford Grammar School. It is likely that he spent most of his time there studying Latin. Probably his teachers required him to memorize long passages and to recite them in a loud, clear voice. Such exercises in speech and memory would have been very helpful when he later became an actor.

We do not know much about Shakespeare as a young man. We know that at the age of eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway. They had three children, Susanna, Judith and Hamnet.

Many stories have been written about

Shakespeare's struggles in his efforts to become a writer and actor in London, but little is really known about how he got his start. Modern writers have often pictured him earning pennies by holding the horses of rich theater goers. However, there is nothing in history to show that he was ever that destitute.

In fact, we know that by the time he was twenty-eight, he was a successful actor, and that from that time until his death at the age of fifty-two, he grew increasingly popular and prosperous.

Shakespeare was one genius who was extremely popular even during his own lifetime. The theatrical companies with which he worked and the plays which he wrote were in great demand. He appeared regularly at the command of Queen Elizabeth I, and after her death, his company was sponsored by King James I.

Shakespeare was loved not only by royalty, but by all the people. His audience, according to one writer of the day, consisted of "tailors, tinkers, sailors, old men, young men, women, boys, girls, and such like," most of whom paid one penny for the privilege of standing to see the show.

His being an actor gave Shakespeare a great advantage over writers who create plays for others to act. Shakespeare did not write on mere theory. He watched and listened to his audiences as much as his audiences watched and listened to him. He changed his lines frequently, always trying to get the most out of the dramatic situation. He developed such ability to meet the demands of an audience, that for more than 300 years, his plays have been capturing audiences with the genius of their drama, their understanding and their poetry.

William Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616. Ben Jonson, a fellow poet and dramatist, later wrote a eulogy which said, in part,

"He was not of an age, but for all time!"



THE STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

PART 2: THE ROMAN CONQUEST

IN THE YEAR 43 A.D., A CELTIC PEOPLE CALLED BRYTHONS LIVED IN BRITAIN*. THEY BUILT SIMPLE VILLAGES, RAISED GRAIN, TENDED CATTLE AND OFTEN FOUGHT AMONG THEMSELVES.



*What is now England

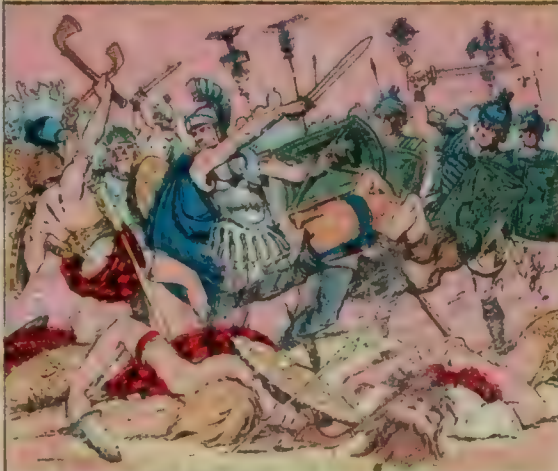
AT THAT TIME, IN ROME, THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS HEARD RUMORS OF RICHES IN BRITAIN.

BUT, YOUR EXCELLENCY, JULIUS CAESAR FOUND NOTHING OF VALUE WHEN HE INVADED BRITAIN IN 55 B.C.

NO MATTER. I WILL MAKE IT A COLONY OF MY EMPIRE!

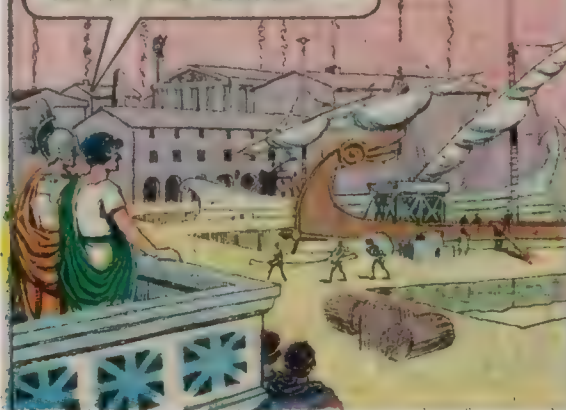


THE BRYTHONS WERE QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY THE INVADING ROMANS.



THE ROMAN CONQUERORS SOON BUILT UP BRITAIN.

WE'RE MAKING A REAL CITY OUT OF THIS LONDON



AS TIME PASSED, ROMAN MERCHANTS CAME TO BRITAIN AND OPENED SHOPS.

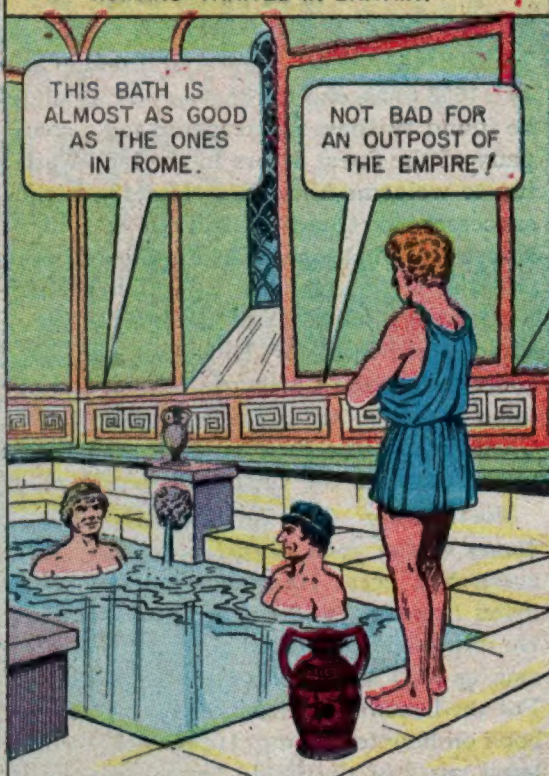
WE WILL MAKE MONEY HERE. THERE ARE SLAVES, CATTLE, IRON AND GRAIN TO TRADE IN.



THOUGH THE ROMANS CONQUERED THE BRYTHONS, THEY COULD NOT CONQUER THE NEIGHBORING PICTS. FINALLY, IN THE YEARS 122 TO 127, THE EMPEROR HADRIAN HAD A STONE WALL BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND TO KEEP OUT THESE FIERCE FIGHTERS FROM THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.



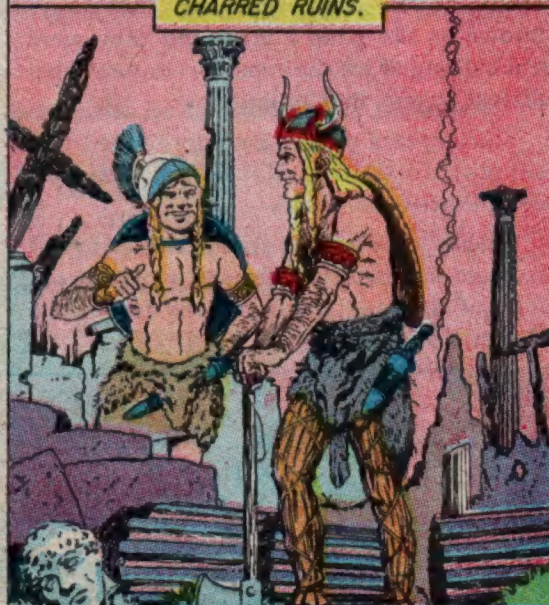
DURING THE NEXT 300 YEARS, THE ROMANS THRIVED IN BRITAIN.



THEN, IN 407, WARRING AMONG DIFFERENT GROUPS IN ROME CAUSED THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE TO RECALL ALL OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS FROM BRITAIN.



THE WITHDRAWAL OF ROMAN TROOPS LEFT THE BRYTHONS DEFENSELESS AGAINST RAIDERS FROM NORTHERN EUROPE. SOON, THESE RAIDERS HAD LOOTED ALL OF ROMAN BRITAIN. NOTHING REMAINED AFTER NEARLY 400 YEARS OF ROMAN RULE EXCEPT A FEW CHARRED RUINS.



THIS IS THE SECOND OF TWELVE FEATURES ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "SAXON ENGLAND."

BANQUO'S DESCENDANT

WHEN JAMES I entered London in 1603 to ascend the throne of England, he found William Shakespeare and a company of the finest actors in the land waiting to welcome him. King James was the successor to Queen Elizabeth I, under whose rule Shakespeare had prospered. He and the stage company to which he belonged were favorites of Elizabeth. They often performed for Elizabeth and her court during the Christmas season, and at other festive times. Elizabeth's Lord Chamberlain was their sponsor, and they were known as the Chamberlain's Men.

Fortunately for Shakespeare, King James was as good to the theater as Elizabeth had been. He was a scholar who loved literature and encouraged the arts. He wrote and published a great many poems, as well as a book of advice to poets. For the benefit of his son, he even wrote a book on how to be king. He himself translated parts of the Bible from Latin into English, and it was he who sponsored the complete new edition, or "King James Version" of the Bible.

King James took over Shakespeare's company ten days after he received the crown. From that time on, they were known as the King's Men, and they were unchallenged as the most prominent theatrical group in England.

Shakespeare must have appreciated this support. In writing *Macbeth*, he paid his compliments to James.

Shakespeare came upon the original story of Macbeth in a history book, *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* by Ralph Holinshed.

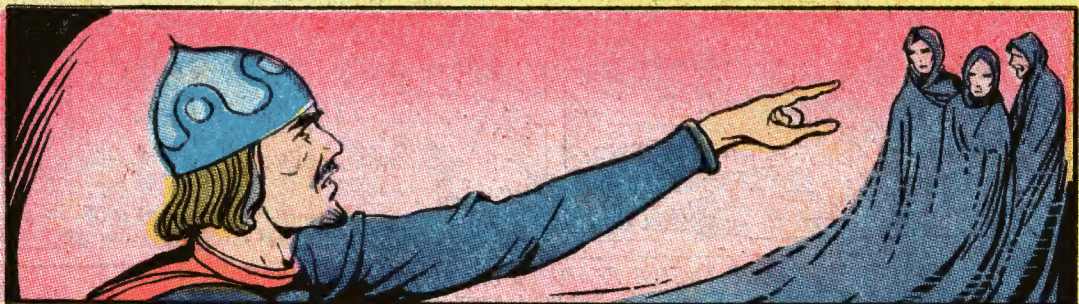
According to Holinshed, Macbeth became King of Scotland in the year 1040, after murdering King Duncan. Holinshed wrote that Macbeth was promised the throne by "the weird sisters," who were "goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies." He also wrote that during Macbeth's reign, he sought the advice of "certain wizards and a witch" who gave him false comfort and led him to his doom.

Shakespeare's version of this, the tragedy *Macbeth*, was of tremendous interest to King James. First, James came from a long line of Scottish Kings. He was the son of Mary Queen of Scots and, for several years before he became King of England, he had been King of Scotland. Naturally, he was interested in a play about Scottish Kings and Scottish history.

Second, Shakespeare built his story around the weird sisters, and King James was not only a believer in witchcraft, he considered himself an expert on same. In fact, he wrote a book in which he gravely discussed the ability of "devils foretelling of things to come."

Most important was the matter of Banquo and Banquo's descendants. In the play, the three witches tell Banquo that he will be father to a line of kings. Later, they conjure up a vision of Banquo's royal descendants.

This certainly interested James. According to legendary Scottish history, James was a direct descendant of Banquo. And so, when Banquo's descendants appear during the scene with the witches, the last figure represents none other than the reigning king—James himself.



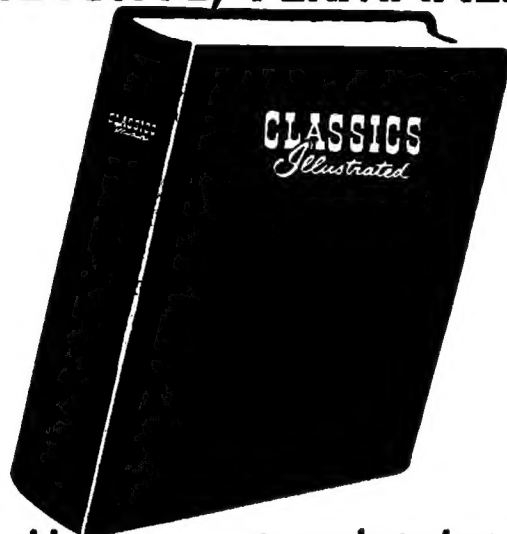
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